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BY
JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF

"SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE ONE FAIR WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

"Who is he that blithely comes without knowledge I therefore have I entered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not."—Job xlii. 3.



NEW YORK:
G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.

MDCCLXXVII.

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TO
Lilla.

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PART I.
IN THE FOREST.

*By the great gold shore of the east West sea,
Fell half way to heaven from your marts of the East;
Where maidens are as true as the rock-rooted tree;
Where men is as pure as the hairy wild beast.*

THE
BARONESS OF NEW YORK.

PRELUDE.

IN a land so far that you wonder whether
The God would know it should you fall dead,
In a land so far through the wilds and weather,
That the sun falls weary and flushed and red,—
That the sea and the sky seem coming together,
Seem closing together as a book that is read :

In the nude weird West, where an unnamed river
Rolls restless in bed of bright silver and gold ;
Where white flashing mountains flow rivers of silver
As a rock of the desert flowed fountains of old;
By a dark wooded river that calls to the dawn,
And makes mouths at the sea with his dolorous swan :

In the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
 With green under foot and with gold over head,
 Where the sun takes flame and you wonder whether
 'Tis an isle of fire in his foamy bed :
 Where the ends of the earth they are welding together
 In a rough-hewn fashion, in a forgo flame red :

In the land where the rabbits dance delicate measures,
 At night by the moon in the sharp chapparral ;
 Where the squirrels build homes in the earth and
 hoard treasures :
 Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and
 well,
 Fight almost like Christians ; fight on and find pleas-
 ures
 In strife, like to man turning earth into hell :

Where the plants are as trees ; where the trees are as
 towers
 That toy, as it seems, with the stars at night ;
 Where the roses are forests ; where the wild-wood
 flowers
 Are dancé unto darkness ; where, reaching for light,
 They spill in your bosom their fragrance in showers
 Like incense spilled down in some sacrament rite :

'Tis the new-finished world ; how silent with wonder
 Stand all things around you : the flowers are faint
 And lean on your shoulder. You wander on under
 The broad gnarly boughs so colossal and quaint,
 You breathe the sweet balsam where boughs break
 asunder—

The world seems so new, as if smelling of paint.

The place is unfinished. You footfall retreating,
 It might be the Maker disturbed at his task.
 The footfall of God or the far pheasant beating,
 It is one and the same whatever the mask
 It may wear unto man. The woods keep repeating
 The old sacred sermons whatever you ask.

Here brown-muzzled cattle come stealthy to drink,
 The wild forest cattle, with high horns as trim
 As the elk at their side. Their sleek necks are slim
 And alert like the deer ; they come, then they shrink
 As afraid of their fellows, or of shadow-beasts seen
 In the deeps of the dark wooded waters of green.

The settlers are silent ; the newly-built mill
 Has strong burly men, but a dull muffled sound
 Is all that you hear. The waters are still.

The wagons drag sullen and dull on the ground ;
The iron-toothed mill in the moss-mantled trees
Makes only a sound like the buzzing of bees.

Lo ! all things are awed ; the wild is so vast,
The hush is so loud through the dense gloaming land,
No man dares assert. The brute comes at last
To turn, to make sign with a black hairy hand
And pass unrestrained, while man awed and mute
Sees a type of his face in the face of the brute.

The bull-dog, deep-mouthed, sits sullen and still,
He turns round and round, and he licks his loose
jaws,

He lies down in his bed while the black bear at will
Steals forth from his fen and lifts his black paws
And points to the white Mason mark on his breast
While the awed hunter rests with his rifle at rest.

By the sea, when the cyclone is wild in the wail ;
When the pine-tops are bent like the battle-borne
spear ;

And the sea thunders in on the bright shining shale,
And the sombre earth shakes as if shaken with fear ;

Then the brutes crouching near lift their eyes to men's
eyes
And question such questions as know no replies.

It is man in his garden scarce awakened as yet
From the sleep that fell on him when woman was
made.

The new-finished garden is humid and wet
From the hand that new-fashioned its unpeopled shade ;
And the wonder still looks from the fair woman's eyes
As she shines through the wood like the light from
the skies.

And a ship now and then from the far Ophir's shore
Draws in from the sea. It lies close to the bank,
Then a dull muffled sound of the slow-shuffled plank
As they load the black ship, but you hear nothing more,
And the dark dewy vines and the tall tow'ring wood
Like twilight droop over the deep sweeping flood.

The black masts are tangled with branches that cross,
The rich fragrant gums fall from branches to deck,
The thin ropes are swinging with streamers of moss
That mantle all things like the shreds of a wreck ;

PRELUDE.

The long mooses swing, there is never a breath:
The river is still as the river of death.

One boundless black forest, unnamed and unknown;
One sea of black forest, yet at east of that sea
Curves a white shining crescent; then a vast snowy
come

Starts up from mid crescent, sharp, suddenly,
And pierces blue heaven. It looms up alone;
As white and as lone as the great white throne.

I.

IN the beginning—aye, before
The six-days' labors were well o'er,
Yea, while the world lay incomplete,
Or God had opened quite the door
Of this strange land for strong men's feet,
There lay against the westmost sea,
One wierd-wild land of mystery.

A far, white wall, like fallen moon,
Girt out the world. The forest lay
So deep you scarcely saw the day,
Save in the high held middle noon:
It lay a land of sleep and dreams,
And clouds drew through like shoreless streams
That stretch to where no man may say.

Men reached it only from the sea,
By black-built ships, that seemed to creep

Along the shore suspiciously,
Like unnamed monsters of the deep,
That ever wake, yet seem to sleep.
It was the wierdest land, I ween,
That mortal man has ever seen :

A dim, dark land of bird and beast,
Black, shaggy beasts with cloven claw ;
A land that scarce knew prayer or priest,
Or law of man or Nature's law,
Or aught that good men ever saw ;
Where no fixed wall drew sharp dispute
Twixt savage man and silent brute.

It hath a history most fit
For cunning hand to fashion on ;
No chronicler hath mentioned it ;
No buccaneer set foot upon.
'Tis of a wild and outlawed Don ;
A cruel man, with pirate's gold
That loaded down his deep ship's hold.

A deep ship's hold of plundered gold !
The golden cruise, the golden cross,
From many a church of Mexico,

From Panama's mad overthrow,
From many a ransomed city's loss,
From many a foeman staunch and bold,
And many a foeman stark and cold.

He fled with prices on his head ;
He found this wild, wierd land. He drew
His ship to shore. His ruthless crew,
Like Romulus, laid hold and wed,
The half-wild woman, that had fled,
And in their bloody forays bore
Red firebrands about the shore.

The red men rose at night. They came,
A firm, unflinching wall of flame ;
They swept, as sweeps some fateful sea,
O'er land of sand and level shore,
And howls in far fierce agony.
The red men swept that deep, dark shore
As threshers sweep a threshing-floor.

And yet beside the old Don's door
They left his daughter, as they fled.
They spared her life, because she bore
Their Chieftain's blood.

His gory head
On pikes was borne away. His gold
Was burrowed from the stout ship's hold,
And borne in many a slim canoe,
To where? The grey priest only knew.

Revenge at last came like a tide,
'Twas sweeping, deep and terrible;
The Saxon found the land and came
To take possession in Christ's name.
For every white man that had died
I think a thousand red men fell;
A gentle custom; and the land
Lay lifeless, as some burned-out brand.

Steel struck to flint, and fire flew
For days; then all was dark as night.
The Saxon's steel was strong and bright,
The red man's flint was broken quite.
Now plough-shares plough the fragments through,
They throw a thousand flints to light,
And that is all that's left to you.

II.

These brave world-builders of the West,
They came from God knows where, the best
And worst of four parts of the world.
With naked blade, with flag unfurled,
They bore new empires in their plan.
A motley band; the bearded man,
The eager and ambitious boy,
The fugitive from fallen Troy,
The man of fortune, letters, fame,
The old-world knight with stainless name,
The man with heritage of shame.

And thriftless Esau, hairy men
Who roamed and tracked the trackless wood,
Good, if it pleased them to be good,
Or cruel as some wild beast when
He tears a hunter limb by limb
And so sits gloating over him.

Then cunning Jacobs, crafty men,
With spotted herds, who loved to keep
Along the hills a thousand sheep,

Who strove with men and strove as when
The many sons digged down a wall
And gloried in their fellows' fall.

Then black-eyed pirates of the sea,
That sailing came from none knew where,
That sought deep wooded inlets there,
And took possession silently;
To rest, they said, in loved repose—
To rest or rob, God only knows.

I only know that when that land
Lay thick with peril, and lay far
It seemed as some sea-fallen star,
The weak men never reached a hand
Or sought us out that primal day,
And cowards did not come that way.

My brave world-builders of the West!
Why, who doth know ye? Who shall know
But I, who on thy peaks of snow
Broke bread the first? Who loves ye best?
Who holds ye still, of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth?

Yea, I, the rhymers of wild rhymes,
Indifferent of blame or praise,
Still sing of ye, as one who plays
The same shrill air in all strange climes—
The same wild piercing highland air,
Because, because, his heart is there.

III.

My wild world-builders of the West!
What sinewy warp, what wire-like woof!
What brawn breasts, builded arrow-proof!
What generous and open breast—
Or brigand thee or pirate thou,
I knew not then, I care not now.

Whence came they? Pirate? Rover? Priest?
These people who did dare dispute
Possession with the hairy brute?
From out that West, that was the East?
From sulky North or sultry South?
Or spewed from some sick city's mouth?

Go ask the wind-born grasshopper;
Nay, ask the four winds if they know

IN THE FOREST.

From where they come or whither go,
Or why at all they rise or stir.
The world is round. Tides rise and fall.
Sail on. All seas are free to all.

The world is round. All things repeat.
Another Jason seeks the fleece.
Another Scacrops founds a Greece.
The twins, the shaggy she-wolf's teat,
The Palentine, her heroes bold,
In time shall be new tales new told.

IV.

Below a leafy arch as grand
As ever bended heaven spanned,
Tall trees like mighty columns grew—
They loomed as if to pierce the blue,
They reached as reaching heaven through.

A shadowed stream rolled dark and slow,
Some men moved noiseless to and fro
As in some vast cathedral when
The calm of prayer comes to men.

IN THE FOREST.

25

One trackless wood ; one snowy cone
That lifted from the wood alone.
A wild, wide river dark and deep,
A ship against the shore asleep.

An Indian woman crept—a crone,
Remote around the camp alone,
The relic of her perished race.
She wore rich, rudely-fashioned bands
Of gold above her bony hands:
She hissed her curses on the place :

Go seek the red man's last retreat!
A lonesome land, the haunted lands,
Red mouths of beasts, red men's red hands:
Did ever it occur to you
While tramping unknown forests through,
That this same wrapt half prophet stands
All nude and voiceless, nearer to
The awful God than I or you?

A maiden by the river's brink,
Stood fair to see as you can think,
As tall as tules at her feet.
As fair as flowers in her hair,

As sweet as flowers over-sweet.
As fair as wood-nymph, more than fair.

How beautiful she was! How wild!
How pure as water-plant, this child—
This one wild child of nature here
Grown tall in shadows. And how near
To God, where no man stood between
Her eyes and scenes no man hath seen.
Stop still, my friend, and do not stir,
Shut close your page and think of her.

This maiden by her cabin stood,
The one sweet woman of the wood.
The birds sang sweeter for her face.
Her lifted eyes were like a grace
To woodmen of that solitude.

Aye, she was fair and very fair.
The rippled rivers of her hair
That ran in wondrous waves, somehow
Flowed down divided by her brow,
And flooded all her breast of snow
In its uncommon fold and flow.

A red bird built beneath her roof,
The squirrels crossed her cabin sill
And frisking came and went at will.
A hermit spider wove his web
And up against the roof did spin
A net to catch mosquitos in.

The silly elk, the spotted fawn,
And all dumb beasts that came to drink,
That stealthy stole upon the brink,
In that weird while that lies between
The drowsy night and noisy dawn,
On seeing her familiar face
Would fearless stop and stand in place.

She was so kind the beasts of night
Gave her the road as if her right.
The panther crouching overhead
In sheen of moss would hear her tread
And bend his eyes but never stir
Least he by chance might frighten her.

Yet in her splendid strength, her eyes,
There lay the lightning of the skies;
The love-rage of the lioness,

To kill the instant, or caress:
 A pent-up soul that sometimes grew
 Impatient; why, she hardly knew.
 She sometimes sighed, then rousing, threw
 Her strong arms out as if to hand
 Her great love, sun-born and complete
 At birth, to some fair high god's feet
 On some far, fair and unseen land.

And when the priest her only friend,
 The half-clad hairy, hated priest,
 By Saxon shunned as some wild beast,
 Would tell of cities and intend
 Instruction, she would lean, would rise,
 And all the glory of her eyes
 Would fill the humble home, and she
 Would clasp her hands, and at his knee
 Compel long tales of stormy life,
 Of love, of hate, of social strife
 And conquest, till the proud girl grew
 Far wiser than the good priest knew.

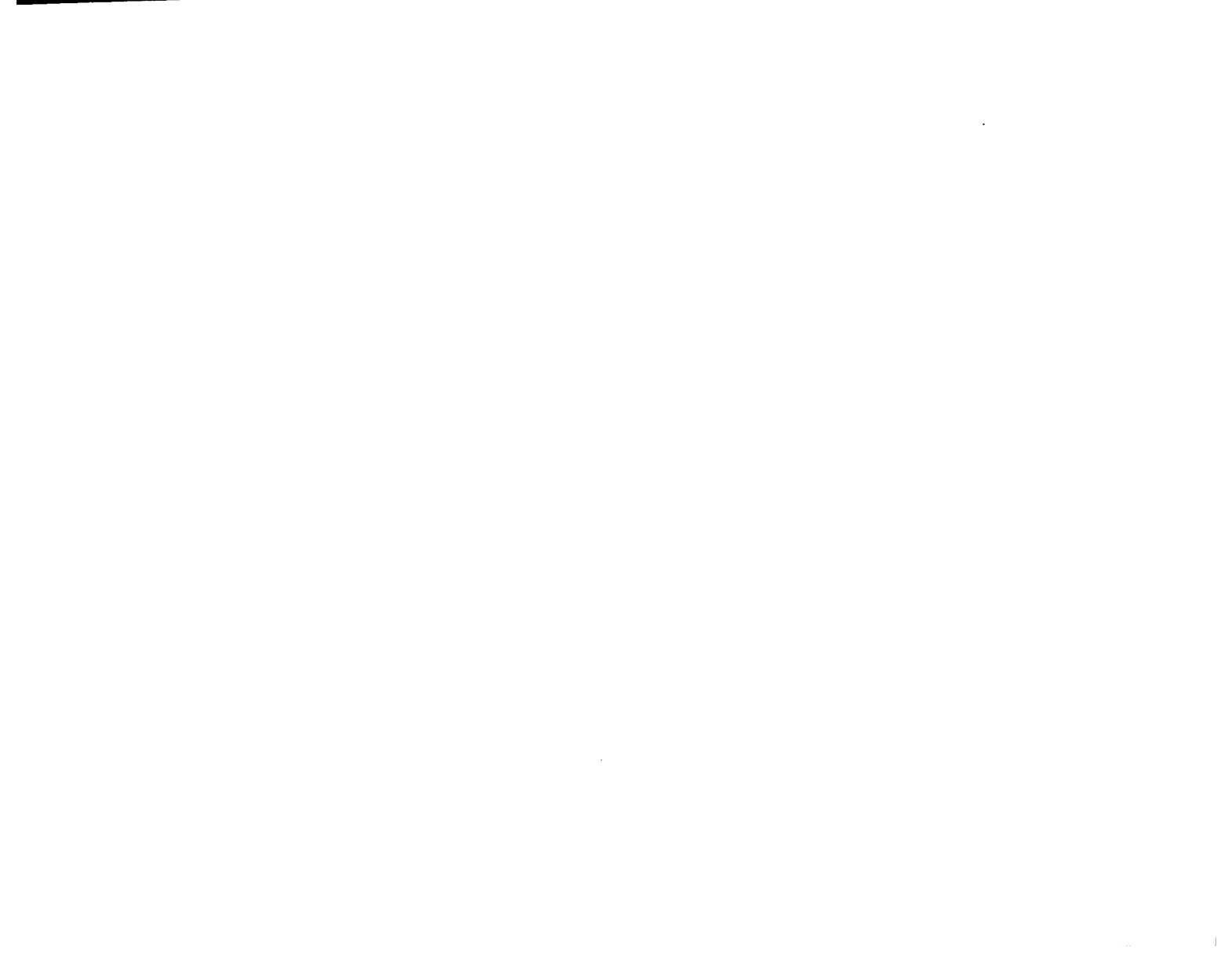
Yea, all men hated him. They said
 His hands were red with human blood.
 They said he oftentimes in the flood

Plunged in, yet still his hands were red.
 He seemed so utterly cast out
 That woodman, meeting, did dispute
 And seem to hold in lusty doubt
 If he, so hairy-clad and mute,
 Was more than some misshapen brute.

Mostlike they hated him because
 Adora loved him. Then she drew
 From him deep knowledge of the laws
 Of God and man, and therefore grew
 Beyond their tallest growth, and stood
 The one fair flower of the wood.

Brown woodmen came, brawn woodmen wooed—
 Tall hunters from the solitude;
 They saw her face, then stood as tall
 And kingly as the sons of Saul.
 But ever prowled the grey priest near,
 And men felt more than mortal fear.
 None knew just where he dwelt, but—well,
 Black Mungo muttered, "Down in hell."

One twilight, as the priest did stoop
 And humbly pass a laughing group



Of mocking men, one plucked his beard
 While others peered and leaning jeered.
 He signaled to the wood. There came,
 With measured and majestic tread,
 A great, black beast, with glossy mane,
 A broad-foot beast, with eyes that shone
 Like sentry stars that stand alone
 On edge of storms where cyclones reign.

He made, men said, some fiendish sign
 To this huge brute, and pointing to
 The maid Adora, hastened through
 The dim path, dark with wood and vine,
 And ere they dared lay hand upon
 Or stir, the hairy man was gone.

They started, terrified. They knew
 No fear akin to this. They flew
 To arms, they called black Mungo, ran
 To stout-built cabins, and each man
 That erst, that oft, had laughed at death,
 Went crouching low with bated breath.

This man commanded beasts, and they
 Came forth bright-eyed and did obey!

What if the million beasts should come?
 The red-mouthed monsters? You could hear
 Their sheath-knives shiver as with fear;
 And hairy lips were white and dumb.

V.

How beautiful she was! Why, she
 Was inspiration. She was born
 To walk God's summer-hills at morn
 Nor waste her by a wood-dark sea.
 What wonder, then, her soul's white wings
 Beat at the bars, like living things?

She ofttime sighed, and wandered through
 The sea-bound wood, then stopped and drew
 Her hand above her head, and swept
 The lonesome sea, and ever kept
 Her face to sea, as if she knew
 Some day, some near or distant day,
 Her destiny should come that way.

How proud she was! How purely fair!
 How full of faith, of love and strength!

Her great, proud eyes! Her great hair's
length—

Her long, strong, tumbled, careless hair,
Half curled and knotted anywhere,
From brow to breast, from cheek to chin,
For love to trip and tangle in.

At last a weary sail was seen.
It came so slow, so wearily,
Came creeping cautious up the sea,
As if it crept from out between
The half-closed sea and sky that lay
Tight wedged together, far away.

She watched it, wooed it. She did pray
It might not pass her by, but bring
Some love, some hate, some anything,
To break the awful loneliness
That like a nightly nightmare lay,
Upon her proud and pent-up soul,
Until it hardly brooked control.

To think of it! This hairy priest :
Then men as rude as ruthless beast :
And that was all this great soul knew

Of empire she was born unto.
O, it was pitiful to see !
Here hung a ripe peach from the tree,
And not one man among them all
That stood up strong enough, or tall
Enough to pluck it ere it fall.

The ship crept feebly up the sea,
And came—You cannot understand
How grand she was, how sudden she
Had sprung, full-grown, to womanhood :
How gracious, yet how tall and grand ;
How glorified, yet fresh and free,
How human, yet how more than good.

The ship stole slowly, slowly on—
If you in Californian field
In ample flower time have seen
Her soft, south rose lift like a shield
Against the sudden sun, at dawn—
If you in far-famed flower-land,
In middle summer-time have seen
The China rose, like Orient Queen
In court extravagance, uphold
Her gorgeous self, all suddenly

A double handfull of heaped gold,
 Why you, perhaps, may understand
 How splendid and how sudden she
 Shot up beside that South-west sea.

The storm-worn ship scarce seemed to creep
 From wave to wave. It scarce could keep—
 How grand my lady stood, how tall !
 How proud her presence as she stood
 Between the vast sea and west wood !
 How large and liberal her soul,
 How confident, how kind to all,
 How trusting ; how untried the whole
 Great heart, grand faith, defying fall !

This child was as Madonna to
 The tawny, brawny, lonely few
 Who touched her hand and knew her soul.
 She drew them, drew them as the pole
 Points all things to itself. She drew
 Men upward as a moon of spring,
 High wheeling, vast and bosom full,
 Half clad in clouds and white as wool,
 Draws all the strong seas following.

And yet she was as sad, as lone
 As that same moon that leans above
 And seems to search all heaven through,
 For one brave love to be her own—
 For some strong, all-sufficient love
 To lean upon, to love, to woo—
 To walk her high, blue world, to seek
 Some place to rest her pallid cheek.

O ! I did know a sad white dove
 That died for some sufficient love—
 Some high-born soul with wings to soar,
 That stood up equal in his place,
 That looked her level in the face,
 Nor wearied her with leaning o'er,
 To lift him where she lonely trod,
 In sad delight the hills of God.

How slow before the sultry wind,
 That lazy ship from isles or Ind.
 How like to Dido by her sea,
 When reaching arms imploringly,
 Her large, round, rich, expressive arms,
 Suggesting hoards of hidden charms,

This one fair lady leaning stood
Above the sea by belt of wood.

The sea winds housed within her hair.
She wooed the brave ship to the shore
With thoughts she had not felt before.
The ship rolled o'er the lazy seas,
Her shrouds were shreds, her masts were trees.
The maiden held her blowing hair,
That bound her swelling neck about,
She let it go, it blew in rout
About her bosom full and bare.
Her round, full arms were free as air,
Her hands were clasped as clasped in prayer.

The breeze sprang up, the battered ship
Began to flap his weary wings ;
The tall, torn masts began to dip
And walk the wave like living things.
She rounded in, she struck the stream,
She moved like tall ship in a dream.

A captain kept the deck. He stood
A Hercules among his men,
And now he watched the sea and then

He peered as if to pierce the wood.
And then he laughed in merry mood,
As mocking fate, half desperate,
And cheered his men with ready wit,
Of Irish sort, as counting it
A jolly jest to find, at last
The land, and all their perils past.

He now looked back, as if pursued,
Then swept the shore with glass, as though
He fled or feared some mortal foe.
And yet he jested all the while
And wreathed his lifted lips in smiles.

Slow sailing up the river's mouth,
Slow tacking north and tacking south,
He touched the steep shore where she stood ;
He touched the overhanging wood ;
He tacked his ship, his tall, black mast
Touched tree-top mosses as he passed.

Her hands still clasped as if in prayer ;
Sweet prayer set to silence ;
Her great, white throat uplifted, bare
And beautiful. Her eager face



Illum'd with love and tenderness,
And all her presence gave a grace
Dark shadowed in her cloud of hair.

He saw. He could not speak. No more
With lifted glass he sought the sea.
No more he laughed all carelessly;
No more he watched the wild, new shore.
Now foes may come or friends may flee,
He will not speak, he would not stir,
He sees but her, he fears but her.

The black ship rounded to the shore,
She ground against the bank as one
With long and weary journey done,
That would not rise to journey more.
Yet still the tall, proud captain stood
And gazed against that wall of wood.

At last he roused and stepped to land,
Like some Columbus.

They laid hand
On land and fruit, and rested there.
And who was he? And who were they,

The few he found that landing day?
We do not know. They did not care.

Convenient custom. No man knew
His neighbor's creed. Each man began
A fair race with his fellow man,
As Christian-like as ancient Jew;
As if 'twere some earth-fashioned heaven
Where all who came had been forgiven.
Where each man's oak-ancestral stood
Above his head, the native wood.

They met, this maiden and this man:
He, laughing in the face of fate,
Yet proud and resolute and bold.
She, coy at first, and mute and cold,
Held back and seemed to hesitate—
Half frightened at this love that ran
Hard gallop till her hot heart beat
Like sounding of swift courser's feet.

Two strong streams of a land must run
Together surely as the sun
Succeeds the moon. Who shall gainsay
The gods that reign? That wisely reign.

Love is, love was, shall be again.
Like death, inevitable it is—
Perchance like death, the dawn of bliss.
Let us then love the perfect day,
The twelve o'clock of life, and stop
The two hands pointing to the top,
And hold them tightly while we may.

How beautiful she was! The walks
By wooded ways; the silent talks
Beneath the broad and fragrant bough,
The dark, deep wood, the dense, black dell,
Where scarce a single gold beam fell
From out the sun. They rested now
On mossy trunk. They wandered then
By paths of beasts, through tall fern fees
Where never fell the foot of men.
And yet she was as pure and white
As angel, and as fearless quite.

Of fear, of falsehood, or of shame—
She did not even know the name
Of doubt, of falsehood or deceit.
How firmly set her honest feet

By square and compass and the rule
Of truth that needs nor creed or school.

And looking in this stranger's eyes,
This man that overtopped all men,
She heard him tell, in hushed surprise
And pity, of his battles, when
He bled for freedom, how he fell
A prisoner—the prison cell—
The banishment from holy home,
Green Erin, in her girt of foam,
To far Australian fetters, and
His flight in perils from the land
In stolen ship. Then at his feet
She sat, all tenderness and tears;
She bade him rest, put by his fears
And rest forever. This retreat
Were surely safe and sweet with peace.
Then springing up she raised her hand,
"Behold, behold, this boundless land!
Here God has built high freedom's wall,
And drawn a line that tyranny
Shall not invade. Here fat increase
Awaits the gathering. Why strive
And stir the thickly-peopled hive

While here all lone the honey tree
Droops fragrant and forever free?"

And as she spake, her great arms bare
Save when the folds and flow of hair
Blew down about them, and her face
Upheld to heaven with a grace
That shamed man's eloquence, this man
Believed he loved her, and the zest
Of enterprise and battle's plan
He thought to put aside and rest,
Forever rest and deem it best.

How beautiful! How proud and free!
How more than Greek or Tuscan she
In full development. Her mouth
Was majesty itself. Give me
A mouth as warm as summer south—
A great, Greek mouth, for through this gate
Man first must pass to love's estate.

Her mouth was inspiration. Pride
And pity blessed it side by side.
'Twas large and generous, arched out

By dimples and a tempting pout;
Playful, proud; lips ne'er the same,
Yet ever warm as wedded flame.

She scarcely spoke. All seemed a dream,
She would not waken from. She lay
All night but waiting for the day
When she might see his face and deem
This man, with all his perils passed,
Had found his Lotus-land at last.

Then longer walks, then deeper woods,
Then tender words, sufficient sweet,
In denser, greener solitudes—
Sweet, careless ways for careless feet,
Sweet talks of paradise for two,
And only two, to watch or woo.

Betime upon the ancient moss
With mighty boughs high clanged across,
The man with sweet words, over-sweet,
Fell pleading plaintive at her feet.

She sat upon a mossy throne,
An ancient pine, long ages prone,

And overgrown with brown green moss,
 And many a frail vine twined across.
 The wood was dark as caverned seas,
 Save where one gold-beam through the trees,
 Shot down about her throne and shed
 A still, soft halo round her head.

He spoke of love, of boundless love,
 Of love that knew no other land,
 Or face, or place, or anything;
 Of love that like the wearied dove
 Could light nowhere, but kept the wing
 Till she alone put forth her hand,
 And so received it in her ark,
 From outer seas and storm and dark.

He clasped her hand, climbed past her knees,
 Forgot her hands and kissed her hair:
 The while her two hands clasped in prayer,
 And fair face lifted to the trees.
 Her proud breast heaved, her pure, white breast
 Rose like some sea in its unrest.

Her mouth was lifted as if she
 Did disdain the cup of passion he

Had pressed her pouting lips to touch.
 She stood as some storm-stricken tree;
 She stood a tower, tall as when
 Old Roman mothers suckled men
 Of old-time truth and taught them such.

At last she bended down her face,
 She leaned, then pushed him back apace,
 Then caught his eye. Calm, silently
 Her eyes looked down into his eyes,
 As one looks down some mossy well
 In hope by some weird chance to tell
 By image there what future lies
 Before him, and what fate shall be
 The pole-star of his destiny.

"And you do love me, Doughal?" She
 Was trembling as the courser when
 His thin flank quivers, and his feet
 Touch velvet on the turf, and he
 Is all afoam, alert, and fleet
 As sunlight glancing on the sea
 And full of triumph before men.

She rose in all her majesty.
 "And you do love me, Doughal?" He,
 Forgetting then his careless air,
 Uprose like some great, gathered sea,
 Some strong, third wave that thunders on
 In hollow hoarseness, daring all
 Resistance that might rise or fall:

"I do swear, yea, swear
 By all the peace and love that lies
 Through upper paths of Paradise,
 I love. I seem to rise or fall
 With you. My stormy past is gone,
 A tale that's told. I shall grow old
 And die with you. Your blown black hair
 Shall be my banner in the fight
 By day, and mantle me by night."

"Nay, swear not, Doughal! you do love"—
 Her arms were wide with welcome. She
 Stood tall and worthy conquest now,
 And sweet love sat her lifted brow
 A diadem. The storm-blown dove
 Took refuge from the deluged sea

And her two hands went out for it
 In eager welcome, warm and fit.

Her proud throat swelled, her lips were dumb,
 But all her presence bade him come.
 Her eyes looked level in his eyes.
 They flowed with love. Her half-pent sighs
 Were drowned by his strong, flowing sea
 Of passion, surging ceaselessly.

Pure child of nature, as she was,
 And lawless lover; loving him
 With love that made all pathways dim
 And difficult where he was not,
 And knowing only nature's laws
 That laid hard tribute on desire
 And tried her as a seven-fold fire—
 Then marvel not at form forgot.
 She sighed, she bended down her brow,
 She battled not with nature now.

Why should she? Doth the priest know aught
 Of sign, or holy unction brought
 From over sea that ever can
 Make man love maid or maid love man

One whit the more, one bit the less,
For all his mummeries to bless?
Yea, all his blessing or his ban?

Her form bent down, a laden bough
Of ripest, richest kisses now.
A kiss of passion? More or less?
I do not say. You dare not guess.
And yet do what he dared or might
She kept her white soul snowy white.

"I love you, Dughal." And her arms
Wound round his neck, and all her charms
Lay like ripe fruit for gathering.
He drowned his hot face in her hair,
He felt her bosom swell. The air
Swooned sweet with essence of her form.
Her breast was warm, her breath was warm,
And warm her warm, tremendous mouth
As summer journey through the South.

The air was rich as Araby:
She swooned upon his breast. She lay,
Long tossed by passion, on his breast,
Hot blushing for this love confessed:

Like some poor wreck and cast-away
All breathless and unconscious lay.
Yet mind, I say, do what he might
She kept her pure soul snowy white.

A bright brown nut dropped like a star
From woody heaven overhead,
A wild beast trumpeting afar
Aroused her ere the light had fled.

A stray, dead leaf was in her hair—
Her long, strong, tumbled storm of hair;
Her eyes seemed floating anywhere.
Her proud development, half bare,
And beautiful as chiseled stone
Of famed far Napoli, leaned there
Like some fair Thracian overthrown.

She was not ashamed. Her love was high
And pure and fair as heaven's blue.
Her love was passionate, yet true
As upward flame. A stifled sigh
And then a flood of tears, and lo!
A sigh that shook her being so

It startled Dughal where he stood,
Like some bowed monarch of the wood.

Her proud face now fell white as wool,
Her lips fell pale and pityful.
Her great, prond mouth, a splendid flower
Drooped pale and passionless. Her arms
Reached out in supplianee. Her charms
Like ravished lilies lay.

Until this hour

She had been all herself. But now
She trusted not herself. Somehow
The sighs would come, and come, and come,
Though eyes bent down, though lips kept dumb,
As seas that beat upon the shore.
Her soul was beaten as a shore
Is beaten by a storm just o'er
That will but beat and beat the more.

She did essay to go. Again
She drooped, a goddess slain.
She lay half lounging in a strange surprise,
Scarcely knowing what she wholly knew.
She did not lift her face, her eyes—

Her eyes were on the ground. They grew
Familiar with the meek-eyed plant,
Familiar with the little ant,
And other insects as they ran
And built their lowly world: all wise,
In perfect carelessness of man.

He rose before her, sighed, "Alas!"
Looked down as if to catch her eyes,
Recall her soul and bid her rise—
Her soul that kept its snowy white,
Dare what he dared, do what he might.

He spoke. She did not answer him.
Her small hand clutched a tuft of grass
As if she feared the world might pass
From out her hand, she was so weak.
And lifting, doubtfully and dim,
Her brimming eyes—she could not speak
For flood of tears upon her cheek.

O it was pitiful! He fell
Upon his knees. He took her hand,
But not with ardor now, and well
She marked the difference.



The land,
Seemed reeling still. Yet with a will
She rose and stood up tall and grand.

No words she spoke. With drooping eyes
She passed along the path. The pride
Of yesterday was overthrown.
She would have crept along alone,
But he came stealing at her side
Half looking back.

In mad surprise
He saw that priest with black-beast eyes
Still at their side, with waving hand,
As if to wave him from the land—
As waving him from Paradise.

VI.

Her great love grew a steady flame.
The moons rolled by. At last he came
To shorten this long, wayward walk,
To careless turn and careless talk
Of far-off land, of friendships rare,
Of warlike men, of maidens fair,

Of brave old obligations bound
By circumstance to lead him round
The world from her dear presence there.

She heard, she spoke not all this while,
Nor answered save with half-feigned smile.
He talked of fates that girt them round
Quite lightly, and he came to deem
His rest had been some South-sea dream
From which he now must rise and go,
Cross seas, strong girl to front the foe.

To front the foe or seek a maid
That his long dalliance delayed,
She could not guess. She did not know,
She did not care. She could not speak,
For tears that flooded her pale cheek.

One morn the sound of hammer fell
From out the ship. And then a mast
New-hewn uprose and pointed past
The solid land to mobile sea.
Then days and days that coffin knell
Kept sounding through the silent trees;

And he did hint of ship and sail
And lightly laugh of storm and gale.

She questioned why he would depart.
He careless spoke with careless heart
Of poverty, of pride, of shame,
That he, high born, with honored name,
Should walk upon the world's wide rim
And die with none to honor him.

He said he had one friend, but one,
Who roamed the world in want, alone,
A fellow-prisoner, who fled
With him, with prices on his head.

That they together long had lain,
Bound hand to hand in felons' chain
For freedom's cause: that to this end,
To find his friend forlorn and lone,
And beggared, aye, perchance half dead
That moment, for a crust of bread,
He now must rise and roam again,
And seek the world for that one friend.

She sprang erect, let loose her hold
Of his hard hand. O, ne'er till then
Had she cared aught for shining gold
Or lands, or guild to purchase men.
She sought the priest, fell at his feet,
Implored, and patient did entreat
If he knew aught where that great hoard
Of her dead father's gold was stored,
To tell her true, that she might give
It all, that this man's friend might live.

He shook her off. He turned away,
He tore his long beard, blown and grey,
Then glanced at her. "There's blood! there's blood!
There's heathen blood that all yon flood
Might not for ages wash away!
My child, look here! For many a day,
For many a month, and many a year,
These dim eyes watched your growth, and now
Whose hand shall gather from the bough?

"That ship, my lady, shall not pass
To seaward, while I live. Alas!
He takes your heart, your love, and he
Would leave the hollow husk to me.

And now, so less than buccaneer,
 Would beg the gold that's buried here.
 Your father won it with his sword,
 Yet he would beg his gold, this hoard,
 From you, poor girl, then take the sea.
 He shall not go! He shall not go,
 While white moons wane or full tides flow."

VII.

One morn a new-sewn strip of sail
 Had blossomed on the new-hewn mast.
 A chain that long had grappled fast
 The solid earth had loosened now,
 And dangled at her lifted prow.
 A screeching anchor cried in wail.
 My lady did not start or stir;
 The sturdy stroke of carpenter
 Struck as on coffin lid to her.

And yet she never spoke one word,
 For all she saw, for all she heard;
 For all she felt, she would not lay
 One feather in his ruthless way.
 He came to think her tame and cold,

He questioned of the buried gold,
 He questioned of the hag with bands
 Of gold about her bony hands,
 And lightly laughed of finding prize,
 Of pirate's gold to glad his eyes.

She never spoke one word at all,
 Her breast would heave, her eyes would fall
 Upon the ground; her nervous foot
 In gold-bright, beaded moccasin
 Would tap the ground or out and in
 Half nervously would dart and shoot,
 And shoot and dart, but that was all.

His air grew careless quite and cold;
 Again he came to talk of gold;
 And, too, to hint of ship and sail,
 And sad regrets that fates prevail.

She heard it all! She heard it all!
 Aye, every hateful word did fall
 Like lead dropped in her sinking heart.
 She had not spoken yet. Nay, she
 Had only looked her soul. Her part

Had not been words, but deeds. Her all
 She gave, so generous, so free,
 So lordly gave, so grand, that he
 Had grown love-surfeited. He thought
 The maiden passionless, with naught
 That lifts above life's common lot.

VIII.

One still, soft, summer afternoon
 In middle deep of wood, the two,
 Where tangled vines twined through and through,
 Together sat upon the tomb
 Of perished pine, that once had stood
 The tall-plumed monarch of the wood.
 The far-off pheasant thrummed a tune,
 The faint far billows beat a rune
 Like heart regrets. The sombre gloom
 Was ominous. Around her head
 There shone a halo. Men have said
 'Twas from the dash of Titian hue
 That seeded all her storm of hair
 In gold and glory. But they knew,
 Yea, all men know there ever grew

A halo round about her head
 Like sunlight scarcely vanished.

Her mouth had taken back its hue
 Of rosy red. Her lips had more
 Intense and proud expression now;
 And now they bent as if they knew
 To send the deadly arrow through
 And pierce the centre. Now her heart
 Had grown to know, to act a part.
 One small foot tapped the fallen leaves,
 The other, lightly to and fro
 Went shooting, as the shuttle weaves
 Through woof and warp. Her eyes bent down,
 Her dark brow gathered in a frown,
 She mused as if she would explore
 The mysteries that lay before.

Her thoughts were far away. She thought
 Of peopled cities, shoreless seas
 White sown and blown with blossomed sail.
 She thought of Doughal roving there
 In glory and alone. She caught
 Her breath convulsively. The while

She wore a calm and careless smile—
The calm that ushers in the gale.

A calm more awful is than storm.
Beware of calms in any form.
This life means action. Ancient earth
Rests not. The agonies of birth,
The brave endeavor to express
Herself in beauty evermore,
Evermore to bloom and bless
Her many children with her store
Of luscious fruits and golden grain—
The wooing winds, the driving rain
Are well. But dead calm in the land
Means reeling earthquakes where you stand.

How still she was. She only knew
His love. She saw no life beyond.
She loved with love that only lives
Outside itself and selfishness :
A love that glows in its excess:
A love that melts red gold, and gives
Thenceforth to all who come to woo
No coin but his face stamped thereon—

Aye, that one image stamped upon
Its face, with some dim date long gone.

She tapped her foot, half forced a smile
And did recall his splendid tale
Of promises, that all time through
They two should range the world. She knew,
Her woman's instinct taught her well,
He now had other tales to tell.

He, too, was far away. Yet now
His eyes fell on her troubled brow
And all her beauty. Well he knew
That he might search God's garden through
And then not find one single flower
Like this that blessed him in that hour.

And yet he wearied. She seemed dumb
And passionless. Life lay all glow
For him ; for him the scroll of fame,
For him a proud, high hall, a name
That men should bend their heads to hear.
Yea, he would sail the seas, would come
Some later day, by ship draw near

And touch the land, take kiss, and so
Sail on to land of sun or snow.

She knew his thought. The day before
She heard the black ship's creaking cranks
Draw in the wood. The water tanks
Had made a muffled, hollow roar
As if their oak staves, ahrunk and dried,
Felt iron piercing in the side.

He restless rose to leave the wood.
She knew his thought. She rose and stood
Before him, tall and queenly tall.
Her hair in black abundant fall
And fringe of faint, dim flame fell down,
About her loose, ungathered gown
Like starlit night along a wood.

"And would you leave me, Doughal? You,
Who swore by heaven to be true
To her who fed you, famishing,
And all your loud, unruly crew?
Nay, that were little. Bread is due
To all who hunger. But the thing
That reads me, Doughal, is, that you

Should add to falsehood, coward flight,
Like some dark felon in the night."

He sprang back, jerked his head sidewise,
And tried to front her level eyes.
Yet do his best, he ever found
His glance fall feebly to the ground.

"And you would leave me in disgrace?"
She scarce did whisper, and her face
Was as a woman's that had died.
"These men, my savage, simple friends,
Frown dark and angered where I come.
I stand abashed, my priest is dumb
With shame and anger. To these ends
Did I surrender love and pride."

Her low voice trembled. Like a tree,
The tall and topmost tree, that feels
The coming storm, and rocks and reels
Ere yet the storm strikes strong and free
The under wood, her form did shake
With passion man should not mistake.

"You speak of your proud birth, your line
Of ancient lords, your storied name,
That I, you fear, might bring to shame
Before the priest and sacred shrine.

"Why spoke you not of this before
Your pillage? Late, quite late, too late,
You thought, my Doughal, of such fate;
You speak of poverty, of mine.
My poverty! Ah! it is true
That I am poor. Yet not so poor
But you came begging to my door;
A strange, half-naked, hunted thing,
And when you gathered strength once more
Why you turned robber, thief, and you
Did find it pleasant plundering!"

He started, stung to anger. He
Knew not the dark enormity
Of his long purposed deed till now.
He raised his broad hand to his brow.

His was the common code of men
To pillage, plunder hearts, and then,
Thief-like, depart before the dawn,

And leave behind a haunted hall
With broken statues on the floor—
With household idols scattered o'er,
And only shadows on the wall,
That never, never are withdrawn.
He stood abashed, held down his head,
Half turned, as if he would have fled.

"I know not who you are. I see
Now at the last you know not me.
Do you suppose—come, lift your face,
Act not the felon in disgrace!
But if a villain you must be,
Why, be a brave one, and the curse
Is half o'ercome—do you suppose
That ship shall ever cross the sea?
Or ever touch on other shore?
No chief shall keep that deck. Nay, more,
Than this, my man. Your many foes
That were your friends but yesterday
Have sworn that ship shall rot away
Beneath these same bent, burning skies
Against the black beach where she lies."

He trembled. Then he bowed at last
As bends a strong tree to the blast,

A touch of fear, a tinge of shame,
Swept o'er his face. "The priest," he said,
As rising with half-lifted head,
"Shall give to you another name.

"And then, why if you choose to chance
Uncertain fate where men advance
On peril's front, to face a foe,
Or toss, a very fortune's ball,
Why, then, since you will have it so
Come, call your priest and we will go."

He paused, he held his head quite low,
And thought a time deep down, as one
In game of chess that is outdone.
Then lifting up he gaily said,
His hot cheek mounting high with red,
"Yea, we will go, though death befall,
Come fame or shame, fall friend or foe;
Go man and wife; for, after all,
Perhaps my duty bids it so."

She did not answer him. The blood
Sank from her face like sinking flood

That only leaves the clodden clay,—
She could not stir, she would not say.

The priest came forth as if he came
From 'twixt twin monarchs of the wood
That like cathedral columns stood.
And Doughal started. Was he there
To keep his fair maid from despair?
To keep her white, sweet soul from shame?
Had this same priest forever stood
And ever watched him, in this wood?

The silent priest placed hand in hand,
Upheld his cross against the sun,
As in most solemn service done
In any clime or Christian land;
Then, falling on his knees, he prayed
Before the pure and pallid maid,
As to Madonna. Doughal fell
Upon his knees, and all was well.

High overhead the surging pine
Swung conser-cones, as at a shrine.
Below, the breathing ocean beat
Like mighty organ at their feet.

Adora kneeled as in a dream ;
She could not speak nor understand ;
She scarcely knew to give her hand,
But was as one borne down a stream
That helpless reaches to the land.

The good priest rose, outspread his hand ;
He said his prayer, and so passed on
Like some still shadow slow withdrawn,
And, in the custom of the land,
The two were wed and made as one.

Then Doughal rose, took in his breath
As one that just had fronted death.
He rallied with an effort now
And dashed a hand across his brow.

He careless turned, put forth his hand,
Half stooped as if to heedless kiss
The lips the priest had now made his—
Those lips, the proudest in the land
Had died to touch in that brave time
When valor had a name sublime,—
When Spain's proud banners blew along

The rock-built hills of Jebus, and
A woman's name and woman's fame
Was chorus to the soldier's song.

She started back. She dashed his hand
Aside, as if a serpent's head
Had thrust at her to strike her dead,
And stood, as high built statues stand.

Her hair shook back, her splendid hair
Rolled back from round her lifted face,
Her round, right arm was in the air,
Like Justice rising to her place.

"Your duty, Doughal, bids it so !
Your duty bade you wed me ! Go !
If God will let you. Go, and say,
When gathered with your comrades gay,
That you once had a royal day,
When resting, hungered and outworn,
Upon a far-off land forlorn,
And laugh at me. Go, safely. I
Shall not detain you. Kneel and lie
To other maidens if you may,

And swear to studied lies! Go now!
Take back your freedom and your vow."

She towered up. She seemed to grow,
To grasp the grandeur of the trees,
To catch the fervor and the glow
Of flushing sunset on the seas.

"And take my curse! Why, I would kill,
Would clutch and kill you where you stand,
Would strangle you with this right hand,
And hide you underneath the hill
In hollows of the wood, and I
Would come alone, in twilight dim,
To see your corse torn limb from limb
By wild beasts fattening their fill,
Were you but worthy so to die.

"Nay! Nay! Start not, lest you do die!
The hunter looks the lioness
Hard face to face, eye set to eye,
And finches not a hair. Nor less
Than that fierce forest-beast am I,
I, I the forest maid whom you
Would rob of all she hath, and fly

To plunder other souls while yet
Your very hands with blood are wet,
And lips with nests of lies are blue.

"What gifts God gave you! Think of it!
A form well-fashioned, strong and tall.
A face all manliness, and all
A woman loves. Then words, and wit,
And knowledge of the world. Yet these
You prostitute and sell to please
The basest part of you, and bring
Disgrace, dishonor, darkness, shame,—
Destruction on the dearest thing,
Beside your mother, you might name.

"And then to lie! Why, had you not
Enough with all your gifts to win
The wood-born girl? Have I forgot
The thousand falsehoods you let in
The open flood-gates of my soul,
Swung wide to welcome you, and all
Your cursed plans, plotting to my fall?

"Who talked of duty, Doughal, then?
Who talked of duty, Doughal, when

I walked these woods with love-filled soul,
 When all life filled to flowing tide
 As when the great, third billows roll?
 When you walked, wooing at my side,
 And named my forest's paradise?
 Who talked of duty, Doughal, say,
 All that half-year, that seemed a day?

"How my heart swelled, and thrilled and beat
 That day I rested at your feet
 And bade you tell your battles o'er!
 God! I could see the moving men!
 Could hear the clash, the battle's roar—
 And when you talked of honor! when
 You said 'twas all for others! said
 You freely staked for your fair land,
 Your life, your fortune, freedom, and
 Your love, and so lost all but life,
 I longed to be your soldier wife.

"How I sprang up and clasped your hand
 In my two hands! I kissed your brow,
 Your sword-scarred brow, your brave sword-hand—
 To die for others! That were grand
 Beyond all else. Aye, even now

I feel the same proud pulse as then—
 How I did love you! Why, I said,
 Poor fool, I know right well that he
 Would bravely die the same for me,
 For he a thousand times has told
 He loves me more than lands or gold.

"Stand back! Stop fast your lips, lest lies
 Creep out like drone bees from a hive.
 For they are breeding lies; they thrive
 As on corruption.

Honor dies,
 Then lies breed in his corpse, as breed
 White worms, that on corruption feed.

"Forgive? Forgive! Do you not know
 What mixed and counter-currents flow
 In my hot veins? The blood of Spain
 And, too, a tinge of red man's blood!
 And list! You hear that throbbing main?
 It is my mother's voice, for lo!
 Here was I born, here fearless grown,
 And all her anger is mine own.
 The majesty of mighty wood,

The fury of the winter flood.
Behold! their grandeur and their truth
Grown in me all my tranquil youth.

"My youth! My youth! 'Tis far away.
And yet was I this very day,
This very season, but a child.
Why, Doughal, I this hour have grown
To tall and perfect womanhood.
This hour I have crossed the zone
That separates the girl and she
Who sits in matron council. I
Am old and thoughtful now. I stood
But this one hour since, half-wild,
Half-rent and torn with agony,
And praying God to let me die.

"But I am calm now. Quick, then! Go!
Go quickly! while I keep me so.
Go now, while I affect the child:
Begone, lest I grow strong and wild
Beyond endurance, and that blood,
That surging, rising, red man's blood,
Breaks forth like some fierce, pent-up flood.

"Go, go, and go with curses hot
To hound you to the utmost spot
Of land or sea your ship shall touch.
Aye, we did talk of journeya. Much
You talked in pretty lies, of lands
Where summer sat eternally
By green-girt shore, on golden sands,
To sing in sea-shells of the sea—
Of anchorage against that shore,
And peace and love forevermore.

"To think of far-off lands! Of towns
That stretch away like woodless downs.
O, how I panted when my priest
Described great cities populous
And proud with consequence. The least
Were great to me. I could not guess
That one should come to me from thence,
With lies for his inheritance.
Yet I shall see those cities, aye,
Possess, before 'tis time to die."

Her voice fell low. Her great, proud lips
Curled full and passionless. She stood

All pallid to her finger-tips
And trembled like an aspen wood.

He now fell down upon his knees.
He loved her now. His cruel heart
Had been pierced deeper than she knew.
He lifted up his face. He threw
His two hands wildly to the trees.
He prayed and plead she would depart
At once, go forth upon the seas
And sail with him for aye, and be
His white dove of the deluged sea.

"Adora, come. I swear to you,
I love you, love you, ardent, true ;
I love you as the fervid sun
Loves earth. I am undone, undone,
With this dark curse upon my head,
And fall before you as one dead."

She stood as obdurate as Fate.
She did disdain to turn her head,
Lest she might heed the love he said,
And let her love outrun her hate.

"I hate him with a searching hate
That shall pursue him to the gate
Of outer darkness ! . . . I do hate
This man . . . and yet I love him still,
Despite my hate, despite my will."

Her face rose like a rising morn.
That great curled lip of hers was scorn
Enough to shame a court of kings.
As some poor child at night outworn,
Put wearied by its worn playthings,
So she, with an impatient sigh,
Still scorning, reached and put him by.

Then as he passed, she turned and said
Half hissed, with reaching, shaking head,
"I hate you, I abhor you so !
I hate as only woman can.
I hate your sex, your shape, and O,
I almost hate my God to know
His sex and form is that of man."

At last she rose, all tears, but he
Had gone. He sought his ship, his men,

And as he hastened through the wood,
 It seemed that every rock and tree
 Or clump of undergrowth had been
 The shelter for some savage beast,
 That through the twilight roamed or stood.
 The hairy beast or hairy priest,
 Or many hairy beasts, he knew
 Not truly whence or what they were,
 Or why they roamed the forest through,
 Thick clad in shaggy coats of hair.

IX.

He neared his ship; the night came on—
 The night to sudden sail, and he
 Had set his men at post. The sea
 Lay calm and luminous as dawn—
 There lay at sea the strangest light
 That ever fell on mortal sight.

"You shall not set your ship to sea,"
 The old priest sprang up angrily.
 The men came down, they caught the priest,
 He turned, he called a howling beast.

"Witchcraft! witchcraft!" they cried, and bound
 The black priest, bound him foot and hand,
 And cast him in the deep. They said,
 "If innocent, why, he will drown."
 These pirates were as bad, almost,
 As pilgrims of that other coast.

The sailors watched the wave. They stood
 Expecting he would rise again.
 Three bubbles and a little stain
 Along the black, forbidding flood,
 A crimson cenotaph in blood—
 Three bubbles as from falling rain,
 And all was dark and still again.

Strange sounds were heard along the flood
 Strange sounds that seemed to chill the blood.
 Men started! From the dense, dark wood
 A thousand beasts came peering out,
 And now was thrust a long, black snout,
 And now a tusky mouth. It was
 A sight that made the stoutest pause.

And now a red mouth in the air,
 Wide open, made most hideous moan,

And now a howl and now a groan,
And now a wild wail of despair.
Then as men looked, behold, those beasts
Had faces like that hairy priest's.

"The land is cursed!" strong Doughal cried;
"Cut loose my ship! I take the sea;
The roomy, lawless seas for me,
And dear Adora for my bride.
Cast loose my ship; I know that she
Will come, proud girl, to love and me."
He turned his face to sea. It lay
As light as ever middle day.

X.

Men said that fires up the coast,
And down the coast in copse and fen,
Had pushed the beasts from gorge and den,
And sudden turned the hairy host
A maddened million, on the men.
I know not if the guess were true,

I doubt me if men ever knew.
But such a howling, flame-lit shore,
No mortal ever saw before.

Strange beasts above the shining sea,
Wild, hideous beasts in shaggy hair,
With red mouths lifting in the air,
Stood fifty deep, and plaintively
They howled and howled across the sea;
I think it was the wierdest sight
That ever saw the blessed light.

All time they howled, with lifted head,
To dim and distant isle that lay
Wedged tight along a line of red,
Caught in the closing gates of day
"Twixt sky and sea and far away—
It was the saddest sound to hear
That ever struck on mortal ear.

They ever called; and answered they
The great sea cows that called from isle
Away a weary watery mile,
With dripping mouth and lolling tongue,
As if they called for captured young—

Their great mouths mouthing green sea moss
 The while they doleful called across
 From isle away a watery mile.
 No sound can half so doleful be
 As sea cows calling from the sea.

The drowned sun sank and died. He lay
 In seas of blood. He sinking drew
 The gates of heaven sudden to.
 Yet long, strong ribbons stretched away
 As if the gate still jarred agape—
 Tied back by ribbons and red tape.

XI.

The long, gray moss swung grim and drear.
 The leaves lay yellow crisp and sere.
 Long ancient boughs lay inter-cross
 All tangled in one mesh of moss.
 The keepers of the forest fled,
 The red man prisoned, banished, dead,
 No cautious, constant hunter stood
 To guard with guarded flame the wood,
 And with his annual bonfire clear

The gathered mosses of the year.
 But all lay one entangled mass
 So matted scarce the beast could pass.

'Twas burning autumn time. The mill
 Was swathed with long gray swinging moss:
 Broad reaching boughs in gold and red
 Did clash and inter-clang across
 Like swords of fire swung overhead.
 The nuts fell ripe upon the hill
 Where quails were piping sharp and shrill.

At dusk the wrinkled, ghostly crone
 Dashed suddenly from out the wood
 And close beside black Mungo stood.
 She reached her arms, held up her head
 As if the princess of a throne,
 And so, demanded from his hand
 Some sign of tribute for her land,
 If but the smallest crumb of bread.

Black Mungo bit his nether lip
 Then sullenly he shook his head,
 Then sudden stooped and clutched a stone.
 He called his dog from out the ship,

He snapped his fingers, let him slip,
 And bade him take her, as she fled.
 She turned, she struck the mastiff dead.
 Then lifting high, defiant hands
 That shone with gleaming, golden bands
 She stretched her arms in mighty moan ;
 She how'd the air above her head
 And wailing still, she turned and fled.

The tall trees blossomed into stars.
 The moon climbed slowly up the cone,
 She sat an empress on her throne.
 Her silver beams fell down in bars
 Between the mighty, mossy trees—
 Grand, kingly comrades of the wood,
 That shoulder unto shoulder stood
 With friendships knit through centuries.

The night came, moving in dim flame,
 As lighted by round autumn sun
 Descending through the hazy blue.
 It were a gold and amber hue
 And all hues blended into one.
 The moon spilled fire where she came
 And filled the yellow wood with flame.

The moon slid down, and leaning low,
 The far sea isles were all aglow.
 She fell along the amber flood
 An isle of flame in seas of blood.
 It was the strangest moon, ah me !
 That ever settled on that sea.

Adora stood within her door,
 She heard the anchor clank a chain,
 As one that moaned in very pain.
 The crone crouched, crooning as before,
 She screamed, and then was seen no more.
 It was the wierdest eve, I ween
 That man or maid has ever seen.

Black Mungo smoked his pipe and kept
 His deck with pike and gun at hand.
 A mastiff waiting his command
 Coiled up and watching, waked and slept.
 The very dog drew in his breath,
 As if he snuffed the scent of death.

Black Mungo turned. A grizzly beast,
 With glaring eyes so like the priest,
 Rushed out along the west-most wood,



And snuffed his hot breath from the flood.
The water was as still as death,
The very heaven held its breath.

The woodmen sat subdued and grave
Beside the wide and soundless wave.
And then a half-blind bitch that sat
All slobber-mouthed and monkish cowed
With great broad floppy leathern ears,
Amid the men, sprang up and howled,
And doleful howled her plaintive fears,
And all looked mute amaze thereat.
It was the damn'dest eve, I think,
That ever hung on Hades' brink.

Then broad-winged bats possessed the air,
Went whirling blindly everywhere.
It was such a still, wierd, twilight eve,
As never mortal would believe.

"Will she not come?" strong Doughal cried
In terror from his tall ship's side.
"The air hangs hot, the beasts howl fierce,
There hangs a haze no eye can pierce!"

"And Doughal will not come to me.
His ship is rounding to the sea,"
She said, with bowed and shaking head,
And shook her long, disheveled hair,
And clasped her helpless hands in prayer.

A panther's scream? or woman's screech?
Or fiend of hell encompassed there?
It was the wildest, wierdest yell
That ever yet from mortal fell.

It rolled like death-knell through the air,
It echoed through the woods and ran
From forests deep to open beach,
And where they sat each silent man
Leapt up, and as transfixed in place,
Stood staring in his fellow's face.

A woman's screech! a panther scream:
A wild hag howling as she fled
With bony hands above her head
Beyond the broad and wooded stream!

It ceased! - Then all things fell so still,
Men heard the black hearth cricket trill.

Then suddenly the silent wood
Was sounding like a broken flood.
And far adown some dark smoke curled
As if from out an under-world.

Slim snakes slid quick from out the grass,
From wood, from fen, from everywhere :
As if they sped pursuing her :
They slid a thousand snakes, and then,
You could not step, you would not pass,
And you would hesitate to stir
Least in some sudden, hurried tread,
Your foot struck some unbruised head.
It was so weird, it seemed withal,
The very grass began to crawl.

They slid in streams into the stream,
They rustled leaves along the wood,
They hissed and rattled as they ran
As if in mockery of man.
It seemed like some infernal dream :
It seemed as they would fill the flood.

They curved, and graceful curved across,
Like deep and waving sea-green moss—

There is no art of man can make
A ripple like a running snake.

The wild beasts leapt from out the wood ;
They rent the forest as they fled,
They plunged into the foaming flood
And swam with wild, exalted head.

It seemed as if some mighty hand
Had sudden loosened all command.
They howled as if the hand of God
Pursued and scourged them with a rod.

The black smoke mantled flood and wood,
Where Doughal mute and helpless stood.
He lifted not his face or spoke.
He felt as if her curse had broke
In justice on his guilty head,
And he was as a man that's dead. . . .
He prays not, makes command, nor stirs,
He bows beneath this curse of hers.
Yet he would die for sign or trace
Of that loved woman's lifted face.

A rift of wind ! The smoke rolls by !
 He sees a form, he hears a cry,
 And two hands stretch above the flood
 From out the frowning, flaming wood.

"Come back, my Doughal ! Come to me !
 O, leave me not to death and shame !
 O, I will dare the utmost sea,
 Yea, dare, defy this sea of flame,
 With you, could I but only know
 You loved, nor sought my overthrow.
 I can but call, this once more call—
 The flames consume me." Like a pall
 The black smoke mantled : yet his name
 Seemed calling through the leaping flame.

He started, sprang, as if to land
 From ship to flame. A black, hard hand
 Thrust out, and with a giant's strength
 It threw him back on deck full length.
 "And would you leave your men to die ?"
 Black Mungo cried, with flashing eye.
 "The land is cursed, and cursed that maid !
 Your men shrink trembling and afraid.

Come ! be their Moses, lead them through
 The terrors that you brought them to."

Then bent Black Mungo ceased to rail ;
 He caught an axe, the cable fell ;
 The winds took up an empty sail ;
 The ship swung loosely round ; the swell
 Of ebbing current slowly bore
 The crowded ship from off the shore.

He sprang, he caught the helm, and he
 Stood grimly out towards the sea.
 For utmost seas, unnamed, unknown,
 Black Mungo steered mid beasts alone.
 Yet seeing him you well might think
 He was the very missing link.

A grizzly monster sat the poop,
 A panther held the chicken-coop
 The hold had wombats by the score,
 A she-bear sat at his right hand,
 While at his feet an hundred more
 Seemed calmly waiting his command.
 And with this motley company
 He grimly steered toward the sea.

A bat kept creeping up his sleeve,
 A spider then began to weave
 A little web of rope and sail,
 As if to help to catch the gale.
 And with this screeching company
 He slowly drifted tow'rd the sea.

He held the helm right true. He steered
 Between the burning walls of wood
 Adown the broad and burning flood.
 His brawn and hairy arms were bare.
 A rat kept creeping through his hair,
 And pink-eyed mice peered from his beard.
 His teeth were set, for now he knew
 That he with this same motley crew,
 Somewhere upon the lonesome sea
 Must sail and sail eternally.

The great sea-cows from out their isle,
 The while they mouthed full mouths of moss,
 Looked up, and as he sailed across
 They called and called a weary while.

XII.

The flames leapt like some wingéd steed
 When furies ride in tempest flight,
 They leapt from tossing top and height
 Of rosin pine to fragrant fir—
 They seemed to lose themselves, to whirl
 Like sportive birds and in their speed
 Leap on in long advance and dart
 Red lances through the forest's heart.

The birds rose dense, a feathered cloud,
 And flew with croakings lorn and loud,
 With drooping, weary wings and slow
 And blew toward the cone of snow.
 The fierce flame saw them, and he came,
 A sounding full red sea of flame.

The winds came like some great, third wave
 Across the tossing tops of fire.
 The flame leapt high, then high, then higher—
 He sounded like some hollowed cave.
 Like battle steed, all undismayed,
 He leapt like some mad steed. He neighed.



He laughed at clouds of birds. He laid
The forest level where he came,
He fanned the very stars to flame.

He then drew back, then neighed aloud,
Then drew a breath that made a cloud,
Then breathed, then saw the birds once more,
Then leapt more furious than before
And when he now careering came
That cloud of feathers was a flame.

XIII.

And still she trusted he would come ;
Still stood with hands clasped sad and dumb,
All patient in her trust and hope.
But when she saw the strong ship ride
Through smoke and flame along the tide,
And heard the clank of chain and rope,
Her love gave place to rage once more
And wild she called along the shore.

Then like a startled deer she stood !
Her high head lifted, and her hair

Blew wild and stormy. Strong and bare
Her two arms stretched across the flood.
Her foot struck hard the solid land,
Her face looked fury and command.
The while the hag crept from the tide,
And cat-like crouched close at her side.

"Betrayed ! betrayed, and only you
My tawny, wrinkled creature, true."
The wrinkled hag with grinning face
Then drew her slim bark from its place,
And bade her enter in and fly
With her beyond the flames, or die.

Curs'd Doughal kept his deck and cried
For her aloud. His wild words died
Amid the awful din. She knew
Not any heart or hand so true
As this last relic of her race,
Who bore her fainting from the place,
And laid her in her slim canoe.

Black Mungo strode his deck and swore,
With pike and pistol clutched in hand,
As seamen never swore before.

He saw the hag's bark pass hard by,
 He heard Adora's fainting cry.
 He saw, but could not understand,
 The wrack that rent on every hand.
 "That horrid hag!" he cursing cried,
 And sent a bullet in her side.

Yet still she rowed against the flood,
 And as she leaned a stream of blood
 Fell from her side into the tide.
 And all the while Adora lay
 As some dead body borne away.

XIV.

It was a sight! her long, black hair
 Drawn darkly through the waters there.
 The while the hag struck up the stream
 Like some black demon in a dream.
 Yet all the dark, descending flood
 Bore by a current of red blood—
 No sight does half so horrid seem
 As warm blood streaming down a stream.

The hag struck up the stream with main,
 The men struck down toward the sea.
 Black Mungo strode the deck, and he
 Implored his men stand fast again,
 Steer safe the sable ship from shore,
 And keep the decks with him once more.

"God! help! the world is all on fire!
 The winds come driving from the sea.
 The long flames leap up higher, higher—
 The flames are leaping angrily,
 From lowly leaf to lofty tree.

"The tide is full of living things,
 The beasts are on my deck, the wings
 Of birds are smiting rope and mast.
 The panthers keep the quarter deck,
 The wood-rats climb the ropes and flock
 The shrouds. God! were we free at last,
 This were a motley crew with me,
 Indeed, to sail the pirate's sea!"

They sailed below the gleaming light;
 The sombre waters rolled as bright
 As sleeping Venice in the morn.

They sailed right slow. The flames at length
 On either hand had spent their strength,
 And lay like some ripe field of corn.
 Yet all night long came down the flood
 That horrid sinuous seam of blood.

The beasts stood flooded to the eyes
 And saw them pass in dumb surprise.
 All night they drifted down the flood—
 All night a long bent seam of blood.

All night! there was no night. Nay, nay,
 There was no night. The night that lay
 Between that awful eve and day—
 That nameless night was burned away.

But yesterday the hush and shade.
 To-day the broad and burning plain,
 Lies waiting welcome seed and rain.
 And thus the plating worlds are made.
 Yet still they sailed, and down the flood
 Still came that sinuous seam of blood.

XV.

A red hand led from reedy sedge
 That girt a dark, still island's edge—
 A red hand, red from blood, from flame,
 Led bowed Adora where she came.
 She drew her hurried to the shore,
 And bleeding still, low reaching o'er,
 She, dying, led to wood so deep
 That only night and shadows keep
 Companionship for evermore.

The red flames from the further shore
 Shot brightly shining where they stood,
 Across the lurid, flowing flood,
 And struck a gleaming, golden store
 Of heaped-up treasures that were known
 To this poor, bleeding wretch alone.
 "Your father's gold!" the wild hag cried;
 Her high hand fell—and so she died.

Transfixed Adora stood as stone.
 She now was lone as God, as lone
 As Eve, ere yet the iron hand
 Of man had stretched forth in command.

And she was iron now, or stone,
Or steel, or brass, or sodden lead,
Or anything that you might name
That heeds not love, nor pride or shame,
Or hope of love, or honor dead.

She laughed a little. Hard and cold
The sounds fell as a funeral knell.
She saw the woman where she fell,
She saw the great, high heap of gold
Gleam on her like a rising sun.
She spurned it with her foot as one
Disdaining wealth. This beggar child
Curled up her lip and laughed aloud,
Laughed like a maniac, sharp and wild;
Then snapped her fingers in the air,
Threw back her black, abundant hair,
That mantled like a midnight cloud,
And made resolve—that moment made
Resolve of action. She betrayed
No tremor, not a touch of fear.
No pulse of terror, or hot tear.

She stooped, and in her arms she bore
The stark dead woman to the shore.

She laid her decent in her bark
Below the bent boughs burned and dark,
And plucked white lilies of the sea
And tiger lilies of the land.
Then with a daughter's sympathy,
And with a sister's tender hand
She hid her face in leaves, and gave,
In Indian custom of the land,
Sad sepulture upon the wave.

She, down the strong, reversing tide,
Strewed lilies for the ocean wide,
And left her with her slim canoe.
Then as the loosened boat withdrew,
She cried aloud,

“Now shall I be
A Baroness indeed! For me
The peopled cities now, the land
Of action, conquest and command.
And who that lives shall question me,
Save he that sails on yonder sea?”

PART II.
ON FIFTH AVENUE.

*Thou calm contradiction! Thou mystery!
Thou brass cosmopolite; city at sea,
Where beggars squander, and where princes hoard!
Thou mule confusion! Thou babel of tongues!
Thou poem in stones! Thou song unsung!
Thou growth of a night; thou Jonah's gourd!
Thou fair-girdled mistress! The black-bellied ships
From Orient gates gather sweets for thy lips.
Thy tall handmaidens from the West rise up
And they bring thee wine in their golden cups.*

*O beautiful, long, loved Avenue!
So faithless to truth, and yet so true!
Thou camp in battle with the shouts in air,
The neighing of steeds and the trumpet's blare!
Thou iron-faced sphynx; thy steadfast eyes
Encompass all seas. Thy hands likewise
Lay hold on the peaks. The land and the sea
Make tribute alike, and the mystery
Of Time it is thine. Say, what art thou
But the scroll of the Past rolled into the New?*

*O, shrouding and pulsing proud Avenue!
Thou generous robber! Thou more than Tyre!
Thou mistress of pirates! Thou heart of fire!
Thou heart of the world's heart, pulsing to
The bald, white poles. So old; so new.
So nude, yet garmented past desire.
Thou tall, splendid woman, I bend to thee;
I love thy majesty, mystery;
Thy touches of sanctity, touches of taint,
So grand as a dinner, so good as a saint.*

PRELUDE.

O AVENUE, dear as an afternoon dream!

O Avenue, endless as some far beam
From ocean-tossed Argus shot shoreward at night!
O fair as a garden made more than fair
With long walks of lovers in calm delight!
O wild as a woman with long, loosened hair!
O strong and willful as the strange gulf stream,
That floweth and goeth we know not where,
I exult in thy beauty as a lover might
Exult in his bride on her bridal night.

Thou heaven of lights! I stood at night
Far down by a spire where the stars shot through,
Where commerce throbs strong as a burly sea swell,
And searched the North Star. O Avenue!
If the road up to God were thy long lane of light!—
I lifted my face, looking upward and far
By the path of the Bear, underneath the North Star,

PRELUDE

Beyond the gaslights where the falling stars spin,
And lo! no man can tell, guess he never so well,
Where thy gaslights leave off or the starlights begin.

O, Avenue, splendid Fifth Avenue!
Thou world in thyself! Thou more than Rome,
When Rome sat throned and pre-eminent!
Thy spires prick stars in the moon-bound blue
And stand mile-stones on the high road home.
I behold thy strength like a stream's descent
When it flows to the sea filled full to the foam:
My soul it expands as an incense curled,
And proud as a patriot I point the world
To thy achievement and to thine instant.

Dear and delicious, loved Avenue!
I have had my day in the Bois de Boulogne,
I have stood very near the first steps of a throne,
I have roamed all cities of splendor through,
I have masked on the Corso; and many bright nights,
I have dashed Rusk bells down a lane of delights;
On gay Rotten Row I have galloped the rounds,
And, too, have made one of a long line of hounds,
But nothing 'neath can or tide-guiding moon
Approaches thine populous afternoon.

FIRST CITIZEN OF NEW YORK.—*But is she lady virtuous?*
SECOND CITIZEN OF NEW YORK.—*Virtuous! Sir! she is*
more than virtuous; she is even plain.

I

SIR Francis had come, the fairest of men.

At least the ladies pronounced him fair,
But none knew whence he had come, or when;
And the cautious banker had said, "beware,"
And a cunning rival had said, "take care,"
And had spread suspicion everywhere.

"And who can he be?" the banker cried,
"Sir Francis Jain," his daughter replied.
"Sir Francis Jain! Aye, that is plain,
But who the devil's Sir Francis Jain?"

And no man knew him. Men only knew
He strode direct, like a lion, through
The little mouse-traps that society set
To cage the yellow-maned lion in,

And kept on silent through all their din,
 And sad, as of grief he might not forget.
 He was careless of honors and careless of rank ;
 Quite careless of all the world was he ;
 Careless of gold in heaps in the bank,
 Heedless, indeed, of the golden key
 That opened all doors of the Avenue,
 To welcome this new-named lion through.

And why so careless, and why so cold ?
 Surely the man had love and to spare,
 Surely the man had titles and gold,
 Honor at home and everywhere !

Why so heedless of honors, he ?
 Why so careless of the golden key
 That opened the doors of the Avenue
 And led the yellow-maned lion through,
 Where many a languid maiden's eyes
 Glanced suggestions, and hopes and sighs ?

The man had all that a man might gain,
 In a life's endeavor of strife and pain ;
 Honor of women and envy of men,
 Grace of manner, of speech, and then,
 That dash of audacity in his air,

That vanquishes failure anywhere,
 And crowns men kings. Alas ! Alas !
 Men only count what their fellow has ;
 They count his gains, but never the cost
 Of the jewel, love, that he may have lost.

II.

The season passed and the hero passed,
 Passed as hundreds before had done,
 Melted away in the summer sun,
 Like fairy frost from your window slant
 Where palace and castle and camp are cast
 But a night, for the fairy inhabitant.

The season came, and he came again ;
 Again in the season he galloped through
 The populous lane of the Avenue :
 Tossing his head and toying the mane,
 Galloped the lion, Sir Francis Jain.

His strong, black steed on his haunches thrown,
 Struck hard and plunged on the clanging stone,
 And threw white foam in the air, and beat

The upward air with his iron feet
 Where the Baroness came. Her marvelous eyes
 Were wide with wonder and a sweet surprise.
 And then they fell, and the lashes lay
 Like dark silk fringes to hide them away ;
 And her face fell down to her heaving breast,
 And silent Sir Francis half guessed the rest.

The man bowed low. Then over his face
 There flashed and flooded some sudden trace
 Of mad emotion. Quick it passed
 As lightning, threading a thunder-blast.
 He lifted his hat, turned, bowed again,
 Toiled a time with the tossing mane,
 Threaded his fingers quite careless through
 The curving, waving, silken skein,
 Leaned him forward, loosened the rein,
 Looked leisurely up the Avenue ;
 Then smiling on all with a cold disdain,
 Forward galloped Sir Francis Jain.

"I will give you house," said the buttermilk's son,
 Jerking his thumb, as the boor was wont,
 Back over his shoulder, at a brown-stone front,
 "I will give you house to anyone

That tells me who this man may be.
 To you, my lawyer, old friend," said he,
 "I will give a job indeed that will pay—
 A job that will pay, the very day
 You place in my hand the thread to the rein
 That will bridle this fellow, Sir Francis Jain."

Quick, plucking the buttermilk's son aside,
 Then throwing his cane over shoulder and back,
 As the man disappeared up the populous track:—
 "He rides like the devil!" the lawyer replied,
 "But listen to me. Hist! step this way,
 I am your man, sir, to make it pay.
 I have a secret, and I hold the rein
 To bridle your rival, Sir Francis Jain!"

And he plucked the man by the broadcloth sleeve
 As he led him aside in the dusky eve.
 Then standing aside from the populous place,
 The friend looked friend right square in the face.
 And the lawyer spoke cautious and wagged his head,
 And winked at every slow word he said.

"He rides like the devil. But this is plain,
 And men have marked it again and again—

He walks as if he dragged a chain!
 And that is your cue! Sir Francis Jain
 Is a convict of Sidney, and has worn a chain!"

The two knaves parted; each went on his way,
 In their vulgar parlance, "to make it pay."
 While careless and dauntless the rider dashed on,
 Till he plunged in the depths of the Park and was
 gone.

III.

I like the tortuous paths of Central Park,
 Like great, big autographs writ in grass.
 Here Pat, indeed, has set his honest mark—
 Whate'er his boss, the great, big William has.
 I like that spacious Park, so dark at night,
 The lover's pride, the tranquil tramp's delight.

Unwatched it lies, and open as the sun
 When God swings wide the dark doors of the East.
 O, keep one spot of your pent isle, still one,
 Where tramp or banker, layman or high priest,

Meet equals, all before the face of God.
 Yea, equals stand upon that common sod
 One day, where they shall equals be
 Beneath, for aye, and all eternity.

It lies a little island quite above the tide
 Of commerce, high above high-water mark;
 Go ye, my tramps and shoddies, and abide
 Your little hour, equals in the park.

O banker, count some coins for charity!
 Put down, O tramp, that bit of conscious pride,
 That you have more of out-door air than he!
 You both are good to fertilize the ground;
 You count about the same when the cholera comes
 around.

O, crooked, crooked paths where cautious lovers meet
 With eyes held down. O, whither tend
 Ye paths that neither do begin or end?
 Forbidden paths that seem so doubly sweet,
 Say, who would seek at all, to make ye straight?
 Say, who would seek to find the narrow gate
 To enter in, when all the park lies wide
 And open as the moon-believing tide!

Yes, let us linger in this park. To me
 It hath a light and roominess. The air
 Stirs woman-like and roving as the sea.
 A sense of freedom thrills my soul, made free
 And full of shoutings, to escape the glare
 Of gas, and all the sound of brass
 And many tongues the gasping city has—
 The hollow, shoddy, sickly-shows, and all
 The lies that hide behind a brown-stone wall.

Thou said this park is proud Manhattan's pride;
 It is, indeed, a most capacious park.
 It looks as long as all the plains, as wide;
 That is, if you behold it in the dark.

But there are things that somehow seem to me
 Almost as big as this, as worthy boast,
 Along that far and unpretending coast;
 Things in that far West quite as well to see.
 And, come to think of it, perhaps 'twere best,
 My proud Manhattan, that you do now go West.

Go West, and see the world you levied on
 Through all your pompous years and mocked, mean-
 while.

Go West! aye, go for many a thousand mile.
 Yea, you have time to go. Your ships are gone.
 Your great sea merchants come from sea no more,
 Broad-souled and brave of heart. The little store
 Of gold and goods your daring fathers brought
 To deck and crown their new Venetian shore,
 You fell to gambling for like knaves. You fought
 Among yourselves and let your proud ships rot.

Go West. Here once, with high, exalted head
 You sat in state beside your white sea door.
 You tenfold tribute laid on every shred
 That passed you, to or from the new-born, poor,
 Dependent West. She comes to you no more
 In suppliance now. Behold how we have reared
 An hundred high-built capitols. Endear'd
 Are they by agonies of birth. Aye, true,
 Are they, with that vehement truth that you
 In cold and cautious commerce never knew.

Go West! Forget thyself and look upon
 The middle world a day. This far sea rim,
 Half-wrought, at best, lies broken, cold and dim,
 As ruins with the fading light withdrawn.
 Go West for aye. For there, the favored few

O ye, who hope to win the world of bliss—
 Who will admit there is a better world than this,
 Our brown stone town and teeming Avenue—
 Will be that much the nearer it, than you
 Are now. Therefore, indeed, I think it best
 That you go West, or learn to know the West.

IV.

The road of love is a tortuous road,
 Sudden and many the turns for all ;
 An uphill way, with a weary load,
 And fatal, indeed, with many a fall :
 And giving, at best, but a questionable kiss.
 How long he had loved, had followed her
 A far off faithfulest worshiper,
 Silent and earnest, as true love is,
 We may not know ; but we find the two
 The envied, and adored, of the Avenue.

Little men knew of him ; still less
 They knew of the dark-browed Baroness,
 The beautiful stranger. She that drew

The veil of mystery close, and dwelt
 Alone in splendor at night, and knelt
 Each morn at the cross ; and forever kept
 Her fair face humbled, as one that wept,
 As she walked at eve on the Avenue.
 Yet busy was all the town to guess
 The secrets of this same Baroness.

Yea, busy was fame with her gold, her name,
 Her great, proud house on the Avenue ;
 Her horses in harness of gold that drew
 Her lonesome carriage in glory through
 The wondering crowd ; her maids that came
 And spoke no tongue that any man knew ;
 Her marvelous form, her midnight of hair,
 That maddened the vulgar millionaire,
 Who guessed that his ladder of gold might reach
 To the tallest bough or the fairest peach.

Sir Francis Jain was a hero true
 As the old-time heroes. But never yet
 Had he breathed his love. Oft had they met
 In the eddying whirls of the Avenue ;
 And oft at morn on her way to prayer
 He met her, passed her, hat in air.

He now made note, as they met, her step
 Was scarce so stately ; and yet she kept
 Her eyes to the ground as she passed to prayer,
 And silent and signless she passed him there.

V.

'Twas Popper's reception. Good Mrs. P.
 Puffed and inflated herself till she
 Was red in the face as a turkey cock.
 She strutted and fumed, flew hither and yon,
 Rattled her silks and ruffled her lace,
 Bawled at her Mary and bullied her John ;
 Then flew to her drawers and powdered her face,
 Then smoothed down her laces, consulted the clock,
 And calmly awaited, with half-drooping eyes,
 The guest she should welcome with studied surprise.

The skies were serene ; not a cloud in the blue.
 Yet good Mrs. Popper had thoughtfully set
 An awning, that yawned like a fisherman's net,
 Far over the pavement. Now this had been done

With no other sentiment under the sun
 Than the fear that some dear gushing guest should get
 wet.

I resent the suggestion of plebeian cura,
 That 'twas done for display. Such a proud soul as
 hers
 Stoops not to such follies as that. And then, who
 Could think such a thing of the Avenue ?

The thoroughfare flowed like a strong, surging stream,
 A figure, mostlike, we have called in before—
 Flowed full as a river foam full to the shore,
 And the soft, autumn sun fell gorgeously o'er
 The long, gleaming lines where glitter and gleam
 The black crush of carriages, far flashing back
 Their wonder of wealth from the broad, endless track ;
 And good Mrs. P., with her pump-handle shake,
 Her elegant airs, and her large, florid arms,
 Smiled down her delight, in a rainbow of charma.

'Twas a gorgeous affair, as all such things are,
 On the Murray Hill end of the Avenue.
 The men were most tall, the women most fair,
 In powder and paint. They had slate-penciled hair,

As frizzled and frowsy, almost, to the view,
 As a pure nigger babies. Yet, for all, they were fair;
 For all their weak falsehoods in dress and in air,
 They were fair as young Junos. Bright gold shone in
 bar,
 And diamonds flashed thick as the meadow sown dew
 That mirrors the gold of the morn-minted star.

But what gave a special attraction to
 This flashing affair of the Avenue
 Was the fact that Sir Francis, the lion, was there.
 Sir Francis, the yellow-maned lion, and, too,
 The Baroness, belle of the Avenue,
 And the love and delight of Sir Francis Jain.
 "And who is Sir Francis?" a rival cried.
 "Why, Sir Francis Jain," a lady replied.
 "Sir Francis Jain! The Sir Francis Jain
 That drags his foot as if dragging a chain?"

Now whether dame Popper, as some others do,
 When they go catching lions on the Avenue,
 Had written Sir Francis the belle would be there,
 And dying to see him. Then, with the same pen,
 Ere the ink was well dry on the letter just done,
 Had written this belle that this bravest of men

Was coming to meet her, I cannot declare.
 I give you the facts, you can read as you run.
 The lover was there, the lady was there;
 And Popper was proud, as the lady was fair.

VI.

The belle? Let me see, I described her before—
 Not so? You forget. You would have once more
 The chronicle; have me tell o'er and o'er
 Her manifold charms; to read all through
 The book of her excellence; to tell anew
 The beauty, the love, and the charities done
 By this wildest yet gentlest soul under the sun.
 You would have it all o'er again, because
 She was so lovely to see, and was
 So girt in majesty, grace; and, oh!
 Because sweet heaven did pity her so.

She was dark as Israel; proud and still
 As the Lebanon trees on Palatine hill.
 She stood as a lone blown palm that grew
 In middle desert for the shelter of men

From moving sand and descending flame.
 Her name, Adora. Her plain, simple name,
 Meant nothing at all until after you
 Had seen her face, her presence, and then
 From that day forth it had form, and meant
 The fairest thing under the firmament.

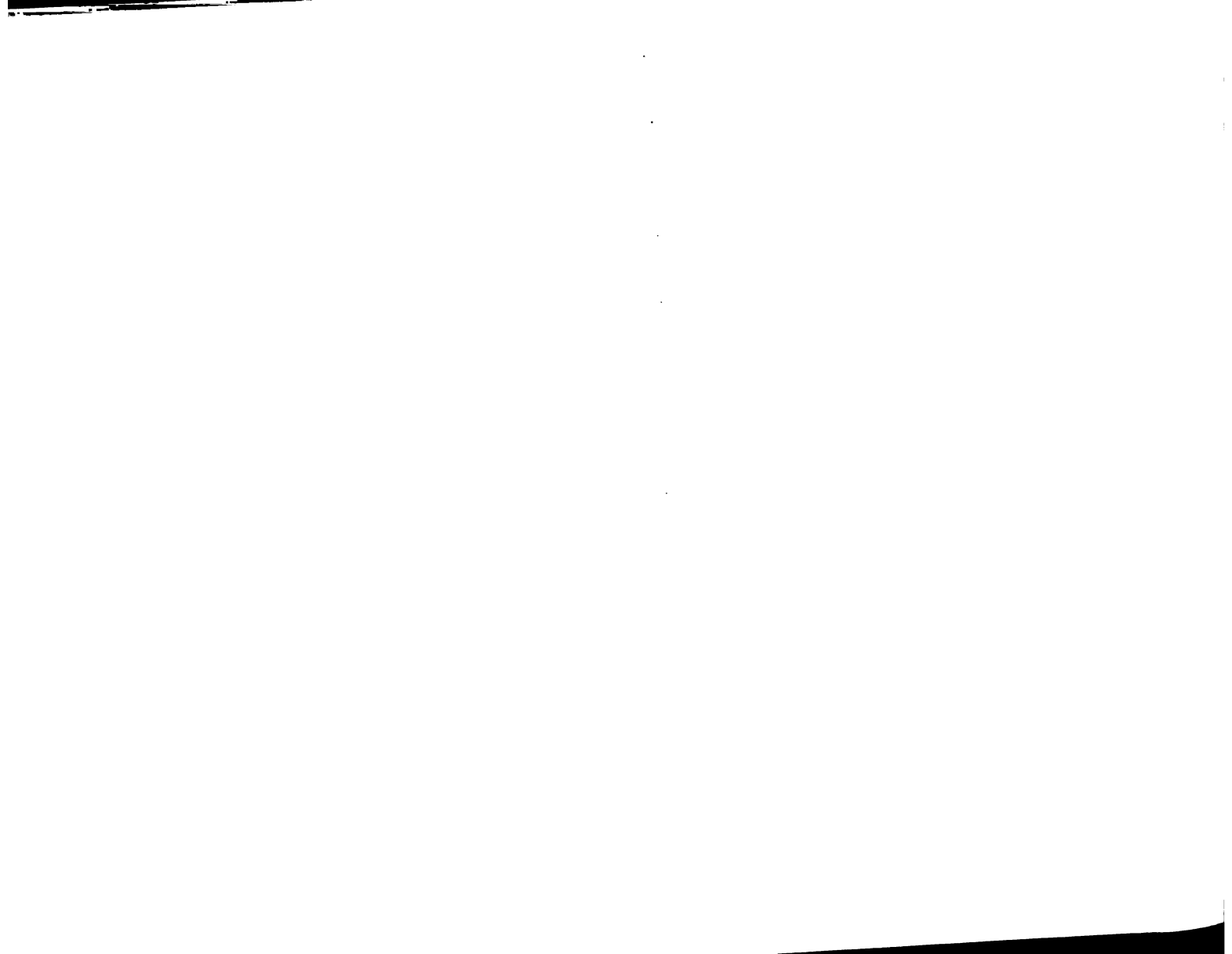
Her name was as language, and when men knew
 No word in all tongues to give utterance to
 Their grandest conception of beauty, she
 Stood up in their souls, calm, silently,
 And filled the blank with her simple name.
 And ever at mention or thought of her
 Men grew in soul as a growing flame
 When dying embers on the altar stir
 In the priestess' hands, and all life through
 They lived the nobler for the love they knew.

Her history! Nay, there was nought of it,
 So far as men knew, save that which was writ
 On her marvelous face. She had dwelt with woe,
 She had walked in shadows so long, so far,
 They lay on her breast like an iron bar.
 The dark of trouble hung over her hair
 Like a widow's veil. The touch of care

Had chilled her soul like an early snow
 On the Autumn heights when the brooks creep slow,
 And the quails pipe solemn and far and low.

A touch of tenderness lay over all
 Her deed or utterance. And yet the strength
 Of desert lion that strides full length
 From jungle at night, with velvet foot-fall,
 Was bounded within her bosom. The touch
 Of Time was not on her. She was as one
 That once uprose before the early sun,
 And ere the fervid sun had wrested much
 From day, and ere her heart had given proof,
 Had woven through life's tangled warp and woof.

And yet she was not taught at all, or skilled
 In complex life. Her true strength lay
 In splendid scorn of little things. All day
 Her spirit seemed some oily essence spilled
 On stormy waters of the Avenue.
 And this the wild, strong woman, so self willed
 That dwelt the outer world! Ah, well she knew
 That candor and the upward life of truth,
 That made, yet marred, her splendid, stormy youth,
 Matched not with craft! With calm adroitness she



Wove round herself a matchless mystery ;
And so sat, sphinx-like, silent and alone,
Resolving conquest, in ways her own.

Sir Francis did adore her. This she knew,
For certainly comes such knowledge to
A great-souled woman. He stood wide aloof,
But yet his calm eyes lifted, followed through
The tangle of crowds, in eternal proof
Of patient devotion, where e'er she passed.
He turned, as bethinking himself at last,
Sighed, as from habit, and passed on through
The crowd, and stood full front face to
That advocate seen on the Avenue.

VII.

And the lawyer bowed : "Sir Francis, I think."
And he turned a quid in his mouth with a wink,
Then dropped his eyes to the floor again,
To a foot that dragged as if dragging a chain :

"Now you are a nobleman. Pardon me,
If business and pleasure must blend in one,

But I am in search of a nobleman's son ;
And the thought has occurred that you might be he.
No ? but business is business. Pardon me, pray—
Stay, stay but a moment. Perhaps it will pay."

And he looked right straight at the turning guest,
And he reached a broad hard hand to his breast.
"Now here's an estate that is waiting an heir ;
A noble estate that lies over the sea,
Of a great Irish lord that is just deceased,
And I am an advocate. Now answer fair,
And square, if your lordship should be so pleased,
The questions I ask. Twixt you and me,
Your answers shall rest till your dying day,
And I think your lordship can make it pay."

Then the buttermilk son of the Avenue,
In swallow-tailed clothes and two-buttoned kids,
Came forward and languidly lifted his lids
And stared as if staring Sir Francis through.
And the lawyer went on. "I think that you
Might have met this heir in Australia ; he, too"—
The shot struck centre. As pale as a ghost
Sir Francis started, stood close to the wall,

Then lifting his two hands let them fall
Both helpless down, and stood still as a post.

Then the advocate laughed, laughed low and deep,
A deep and a devilish laugh laughed he,
And he seemed to take no note at all
Of the stranger's start and deep agony,
But he turned to the crowd with his back to the wall;
And he spoke of the weather, of the crowd together
That jostled each other like silly sheep,
In the sociable jam; of scandal and tea,
Of tea as weak as water could be,
Of scandal as strong as alcohol.

Sir Francis now gathered his strength at last,
And pale and silent he would have passed;
But the man reached out and laid hold his breast
In vulgar pretence of a friendly request
That he would linger, and so held him fast
With hand and eye, and Sir Francis Jain
Stood bound as bound with a twice-linked chain.

"Nay, wait, Sir Francis, a stranger are you
On this fast and fashionable Avenue.

And I have a fancy that you some day
Might choose to marry, and make it pay.

"For you, Sir Francis, I have no doubt,
Like all foreign noblemen, are seeking out
Some old man's daughter, some dealer in cheese,
In rage, in offal, or in what you please,
Only that she has plenty of tin—
Nay, nay, Sir Francis. Stop, sir! Stay!
These marrying men they make it pay.
And that you may not be taken in,
Why, I will tell you, Sir, while you wait,
Of their moral characters—that is, their estate.

"That milk-white maiden parading there
With painted brows and slate-pencilled hair,
Is heiress to millions. Just wait for the day
She can lift her face in her prayers and say
'Our Father in heaven,' in a double sense,
And she, she can handle her weight in gold.
Then it's something to know that her parents are old,
And can die and be buried at the slightest expense.
Particularly now, as they make it pay,
Cremating, at a dollar and sixty cents.

"Stocks? Not in stocks, but commerce. You see,
 They made it in commerce of milk. That is,
 They bought in the country and sold in the town
 For the same price here that they there paid down.
 Nay, stop, Sir Francis; stay, listen to me,
 And learn the way that men make it pay.
 They minted the money! The secret is this,
 And it doesn't affect the good name of the daughter;
 But New York is an island, an island, you see?
 An island! Sir Francis,—surrounded by water.

"That dark, gipsy beauty in screw-heel shoes,
 And shoulders thrown forward, Sir Francis, means
 screws!

That is, her father, a tinker by trade,
 One cold, sloppy day when he couldn't get out,
 On account of bad shoes, and go howling about,
 Sat down in a corner, while this same heiress played
 In the ashes beside him, and carelessly made
 A sharp-pointed screw. Then what did he do?
 Why, he went to work, and with that same screw
 He screwed himself on to the Avenue.

"Yon cast-iron woman means hinges.
 Her hardware husband swings open this door;

In fact, I may mention, there really is more
 That hinges and turns on what he arranges
 Than turns on returns of elections, twice o'er.

There are women put together with hinges;
 God bless them: I pity their lords;
 One shrinks at the thought, and one cringes
 At the thought of being caught in these hinges
 As caught between tackle and cords.

"Yon blonde, so surrounded with half the gay beaux
 Of Gotham, good sir, is the Princess of Pills.
 She is weighed down with diamonds as dew's weight a
 rose,

She is smothered in satins, in laces, and frills;
 She walks through the world with a heavenward nose,
 And yet it means pills, sir, nothing pills.

Silks and satins and laces and frills,
 Fine French masters and milliner's bills.
 Pills, sir! moving and marvellous pills.

"She is wooed by a dozen brave counts who propose
 To swallow her pills, her diamonds, her nose,
 And all at a gulp without sugar. For, oh!
 They adore this fair girl, and her diamonds, so.

Yet only to think of it ! Every bright stone
 Must have cost her a million of pills alone.
 Pills, pills ! How she laughs at life's ills !
 A coachman's cockade, a poodle that kills !
 Pills, sir ! active, industrious pills.

"Horses and houses in blocks and in rows,
 She lives in a palace, she lifts her nose
 At every man less than a millionaire,
 If he be not a prince with a pompous air.
 And how do you say they make it pay ?
 Pills, sir ! active, industrious pills !
 Pills that are doing both night and day,
 Pills that work while their masters play.

"And yet my lady with the lifted head,
 The palaces high and the broad, rich lands,
 The upward nose with its rose of red,
 The broad flat foot and the bony hands—
 She is not happy. For all her pills,
 For all her finery, for all her frills,
 I pity, indeed, my Princess of Pills.

"For all her wooings and chances to wed,
 For all her wealth and her heavenward head,

She is not happy. Prince de Hotelle,
 The proud Italian who learned his airs
 In lighting his master's guests up stairs,
 Is gone ! and the gossips they laugh and tell
 How her father refused him for fear his bills
 Might swallow up all his industrious pills.

"That woman that waddles so crabwise there,
 And toddles and puffs and pushes the crowd,
 Means oil. 'Tis oozing from out her hair.
 And why does she dress so large and so loud ?
 And why does she crowd and elbow through ?
 Why, she is a light of the Avenue ;
 A leader of women, the delight of men,
 And, learned men say, is sharp with the pen.

"A widow is she of forty and five,
 The relict of Septimus Boggs ;
 A widow is she of proud degree,
 And the wealthiest widow alive.
 A widow is she, and as you can see,
 Her waist is as large as a log's ;
 Yet she, she is wooed by the wisest men,
 For she made her fortune alone by the pen.

"How oily she is ! how smiling when
 She waddles along in her airy walk !
 You hear her grunt when she turns to talk
 To one of the wise and the wooing men.
 She toddles, she puffs like an engine shunt,
 And all Cincinnati is in that grunt.
 Now, I say oil made her rich ; but then,
 She says she made it alone by the pen.

"Oh, she is the wealthiest widow alive,
 She is wooed by a thousand men ;
 A widow is she of forty and five,
 And the relict of Septimus Boggs.
 A widow is she, and she came to thrive
 By making a corner in hogs !—
 By cornering all the pigs, and then,
 She made her fortune, you see, by the pen.

"Nay, stay ! But, sir, if you will begone,
 Why I will follow you idly on ;
 And as we leisurely elbow through
 This *crème de la crème* of the Avenue,
 Will tell you of Popper. Why, sir, you
 Have saved her to-day. She was hanging to

The skirts of society, sir, till you
 Came by to-day and so pulled her through.

"No, this is not the best. And yet
 It is, some say, the very best
 Society in all Manhattan.
 We have some families we call "old,"
 Some sluggish Dutch whose founders sat and
 Let the town grow east and west,
 The while they sat as old hens set,
 And idly hatched their eggs of gold.
 So that Manhattan's proudest ones
 Are simply, sir, some Dutchman's sons.

"And these same families are so old,
 So walled about by bags of gold,
 Their wealthy children quite forget
 Whether their parents who left them lands
 Were gentlemen, or men whose hands
 Did open oysters or draw the net,
 Or measure peanuts from side stands.

"Indeed, it hardly is settled yet
 Whether these gents whose tents were set

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—

Along the new shore's unclaimed sands,
 Were gentle pirates or mere brigands—
 The Knickerbockers? The same, but, oh!
 They are so respectable, you know,
 So very respectable and—slow!

"You hear those bottles just popping, sir,
 Back yonder, where Popper now sweats and swears,
 And opens his bottles and then declares
 To his gathered guests that he brought the wine
 Himself, from the cellars of his German friend,
 The Baron of Heiderofisterchir?
 Well, that is the battle of Murray Hill.
 These Poppers they hold the fort. They will
 Drink their wine, they will shout and shine
 Their day; they will fire at all below
 With champagne bottles, who would gladly blow
 My lady grand to the moon, and hold
 Her place with their new and their greasy gold."

Sir Francis met, ere he had quite withdrawn,
 The Baroness again; again he courtly bowed,
 And, lest the knave who followed through the crowd
 Might make familiar if he passed, passed on.

"You know her then! this wealthy Baroness?
 This sort of female Count of Monte Christo?
 Why, sir! you writhe, is if you felt distress;
 And, sir! what makes you double up your fist so?
 She is the grandest in the land, but—well,
 We lawyers know some things we never tell."

VIII.

The gay Mephistophiles still at his side,
 Now crooking his thumb over shoulder, he cried;
 "And this, Sir Francis, is the kettle drum!
 Where brave Sitting Bull would be shamed at the din.
 Where tall, childless women in multitudes come,
 Who would charm with the cheek, but alarm with the
 chin."

And then with his hand to his face, and aside,
 He whispered a shrill—yet we know he lied.
 "These ladies are blessed as angels be,
 They spend their days in driving about
 Seeking some suitable object out
 To receive their meddling charity."

"They find some poor, broken horse at a dray.
 They gather around in their carriages. They
 Are thick and as noisy as crows. Ah, me!
 How noble,—and noisy, sweet charity!
 They weep o'er the horse; the man they arrest. . .
 A poor wife starves with a babe at her breast.

"And how they do work! that is, with the tongue;
 And alone with the tongue. All work, somehow—
 Why, even the bearing and rearing of young
 They leave to the Dutch and the Irish now.
 This city is paved with dead infants!" he cried.
 Goodness gracious! don't you think he lied?

"O, give me good mothers. Yea, great, glad mothers.
 Proud mothers of dozens, indeed, twice ten;
 Fond mothers of daughters and mothers of men,
 With old-time clusters of sisters and brothers,
 When grand Greeks lived like to gods, and when
 Brave mothers of men, strong-breasted and broad,
 Did exult in fulfilling the purpose of God.

"Yea, give me mothers, grand, old-world mothers,
 Who peopled strong, lusty, loved Germany,
 Till she pushed the Frank from the Rhine to the sea.

Yea, give me mothers to love, and none others;
 Blessed, beautified mothers of men for me,
 For they, they have loved in the brave old way,
 And for this, all honor for aye and a day.

"O ye of the West, the strong-limbed mothers,
 Made firmest of foot and most mighty of hand;
 Dominion is yours, through the whole, wide land,
 To the end of the world. For who but your brothers,
 And men of your breasts with the brave warrior's
 brand

Led down to the sea? Who hewed a red way?
 Yea, who are the captains that lead us to-day?

"Ye Cyprians of fashion, ye whited, cursed mothers!
 Yea, cursed as the Christ cursed the barren fig tree,
 With your one sickly branch where a dozen should be;
 It were better ye bide as the Capuchin brothers,
 Or, millstone at neck, ye be thrown in the sea.
 Ye are dried up peppers in a dried up pod.
 Ye are hated of men, and abhorred of God!"

IX.

This Mephistopheles now turned,
 As if the whole gay world was spurned
 As something quite beneath his care,
 And said, with philosophic air :
 "The fight goes on from year to year.
 Yet bye and bye the Poppers will
 Surrender and pass quite away;
 As water finds its level. Still
 In humbler spheres will they recount the day,
 To wond'ring friends, and, sighing, say
 How, once, great men on Murray Hill
 Did pay them court, and how they drew
 In wake, the world-famed Avenue.

"In storied countries grand and old,
 The Christian had the gates of gold
 That wall God's paradise, in view ;
 But here he has Fifth Avenue.

"Here shine no gates beyond for him;
 All else is doubtful, vague, and dim.
 The Paynim's roads led e'er to Rome.

The goal, the hope, eternal home,
 That proud Manhattan has in view,
 Is here ; this fair Fifth Avenue.

"Lo ! here upon this stony height,
 The victors of the long, hard fight
 With Mammon, where the thousands fell
 To fill the trenches, that the few
 Might pass to victory and tell
 Their triumphs, are entrenched. Behold
 Their mighty barricades of gold."

Sir Francis shrugged and would have passed ;
 The lawyer clutched and held him fast.
 This fellow like a carpet tack
 Or cockle burr stuck sharp. Indeed
 He was too thin of blood to bleed,
 But sucked his fellow's blood. In fact
 He was a vampyre : brown and wan
 He was about the throat ; a bat,
 A hungry, sharp-nosed, smelling rat :
 A man of fashion, yet the slave
 Of getting, getting, getting on :
 A dangerous and clever knave ;

A crooked, ugly, carpet tack,
That was not safe to sit upon.

He was just such a man as you
Might choose in hard extremity to do
Some doubtful enterprise, that lay
Beyond your bound of conscience.

He

Had always character for you.
Once he was now no longer poor,
He kept a character at the door,
As some men keep a carriage. See!
My character! Steel springs! Bran new!

The vilest man, was this same bore;
And I should like to swing him to
The great lamp-post that glares before
His mighty, massive, carven door,
That lords the splendid Avenue,
For telling things so vilely true.

A lawyer? liar? much the same
A practice, quite as well as name.
Did not make him. Hear me through.
Hate him heartily as you,

And yet between us, you and I,
No lands or lines in common lie.

I am not of your flock. Drive all
Your sheep in herd from field to stall;
Mark them! brand them! And if one
Dare stand alone, look back, or run,
Give him the dogs!

Nay, let me keep

The bleak, bare hills alone, aloof.
Rather a goat than such a sheep!
A right to laugh; and the room to leap!
Rather the wild, cold crags where I
May dare its height; may strike my hoof—
Wag my head at the world and die.

I am not of you. I love not you.
I hate and abhor your middle-class.
Your mule, that's neither a horse nor ass,
But holds the worst parts of the two.

I hate your middle-men; men who
Are ever striving, straining to
A place they don't fit in. They rise,
They hang between the earth and skies,

As hung the prophet's coffin. Lies
 Are on their lips, in all their deeds.
 Their lives are lies, their hollow creeds
 Make infidel, sweet souls that bloom
 On humble ground, in lonely gloom.

Write me not of that class. My name,
 Thank God, is not of these. I claim
 No middle-class or place. I lie
 Secure, and shall not fall, for I
 Am of the lowliest lot—as low
 As God's own sweetest flowers grow.

X.

The Baroness, with heedless air,
 Passed on, came back, passed anywhere.
 She was as one who moved or stood
 At morn in twilight widowhood.
 With South-land love in her great eyes,
 With beauty that the gods adore,
 With wealth that made a vulgar prize,
 What wonder that she stood before
 The world more fair than all things there?

That crowd! It was a stormy crowd!
 They elbowed sharp, they shouted loud,
 They shamed the loudest auction sale.
 The men talked "pay" and "stocks," and in
 The fierce and universal din,
 The women rattled spoons and forks,
 And reached their necks like lonesome storks,
 And tiptoed high as if to hail
 In hard distress, some distant sail.

Six horrid fiddlers piped and scraped;
 Short, stuffy pipers, puffed and red,
 With half the hair blown off the head,
 So shiny, white and turnip-shaped—
 They puffed their cheeks, they swelled and blew
 The louder, as the louder crew
 Displayed their rival brass and cheek.
 Beware! Beware, when Greek meets Greek.
 But O, take care when ass meets ass
 In braying rivalry of brass.

They blew as if for life or death,
 And when they stopped to catch their breath,
 An artificial singing-bird,
 Just such as are forever heard

Along the upper, German Rhine,
In third-class drinking-sheds of wine,
Sprang up from artificial vine,
And trilled so shrill, so sharp, that you
Had thought your poor head split in two.

Sir Francis, with distempered air,
And something touching on despair,
Shook off the bore and elbowed through,
And sought dame P. to say adieu.
The man was at his side again—
"I pray your pardon, Sir Francis Jain,
But see those dozens of young men there?
These gay young bloods, who live to chew,
And squirt ambler on the Avenue,
And strut striped clothes like convicts through
The walks of the city? Well, every one
Is somebody's son, sir, somebody's son.
When that is said, all's said and done;
Each one is known as somebody's son."

"The daughters are splendid, fair, honest, and true,
Yet as full of old Nick, I promise you,
In an innocent way, as you can think.
You see you blonde, in a group of men?

She is pure as jolly; and just as bright!
Well, she has confessed that many a night
She scarce has been able to sleep a wink,
But nearly all night has laid awake
Regretting that there were only ten
Of the holy commandments for men to break."

Sir Francis, disgusted and firmer now,
Pushed him aside, with gathered brow,
And down the hall sought hat and cane.
There was to him a sense of shame
In mixing in this bedlam.

Vain

He tried to escape the man who came
Still at his elbow, with that same
Infernal smile.

"I say, you can
Do worse than wed that tall brunette
I saw you ogle. Eh! Sir Jain?
To wed that lady, sir, would pay
As well, or better, than finding the man
For the Irish estate. And then, they say,
The girl's in the market right smart. And yet
She's hardly a girl, if the gossips speak true.
And now, Sir Jain, if I speak plain,

I beg your pardon. But a girl to me
Is hardly-a girl, be she never so young,
Never so gracious of air and tongue,
Who has, on the very same Avenue
Where she is residing, a husband or two."

His rage was like the thunder's fall ;
His glare was like a leaping fire.
Swift up the hall, swift down the hall,
Sir Francis glanced, and left and right,
And not a woman was then in sight.
With not a single word to say,
Like fair Apollo, he struck the liar,
Clutched hat and cane and strode away.

He reached the door, passed proudly through,
Then down the ample steps, and on
And up the teeming Avenue.
Yet ere the man was fairly gone,
He heard behind a hoarse, loud cry,
As one made wild with rage and pain,
That called out, clanged out cruelly ;
"Sir Francis Jain ! Sir Francis Jain !
You walk as if you dragged a chain !"

XI.

And here we leave the lovers. He,
Sad-browed and sorrowful. And she ?
No one might guess. Why, you might gaze
And gaze upon her great, proud face,
So sphynx-like fixed for all the days,
And read not any sign or trace
Of love or faith, or hope or hate,
Or aught save fixedness, as fate.

Sometimes the best of any town
Is quite outside the town ; the trees,
The park, the wide, wild rim of seas,
The glade, the sloping hill, the down ;
Indeed, the dens of brick and clay,
And dirty cobble-stones, dismay
A soul untrained through life to these.

And so, ofttime, the brightest side
Of some great house, my gay young friend,
Is its outside. The wounded pride,
The strife, the struggle to the end,



That high-set mention, may be won,
 The doubtful triumph, sure defeat,
 The slow advance, the swift retreat,
 The broken hearts, the souls undone —
 Outside! outside, in God's glad sun!

When Sabbath blesses us with rest,
 When beauteous woman is most blest,
 When church-blessed people crowd and teem,
 And tide and flow like some strong stream,
 All still as spirits in a dream—

When spring-time sunbeams strike us, bold
 And strong as toppled beams of gold;
 When spires uplift and point us to
 The starry steepes of God, and through
 All peril; when we rise and pour
 On tranquil Sundays from charoh door—

When white-winged ships drift dreamily,
 Or shoot like shuttles fro and to,
 Across great streets that stretch far down
 To seas on either side the town;
 When skies are bound in spotless blue;

When ships tend seaward ceaselessly,
 Sail forth to pure white polar seas,
 Bring fruit from farthest Sicilies,
 Bring pinky coral from south deeps,
 Where everlasting silence sleeps,
 To this new Venice of the sea;
 O then go forth, proud-souled, and view
 This glorious, full, Fifth Avenue!

And go exulting, proud, and true,
 To this great land that nurtured you;
 Yea, go full-hearted, loving, fond,
 And loyal to your land! for you
 May range all peopled regions through,
 May seek all cities, far or near,
 Beyond the seas and still beyond,
 Yet you shall never find one peer
 To this proud scene so near your home.
 The crowded carnival of Rome,
 That Saturn crowns each vernal year,
 Knows nothing in its proudest day
 Like this magnificent display
 Of men and maidens moving through
 This populous, proud Avenue.

Yea, I have tracked the hemispheres,
 Have touched on fairest land that lies
 This side the gates of Paradise ;
 Have ranged the universe for years,
 Have read the book of beauty through
 From title-leaf to colophon,
 While pleasure turned the leaves.

Yet on

This island bank your bark should strand,
 Your feet should cleave this solid land ;
 That you may live, alone to view
 The glory of this Avenue.

Go ye, and wander if you will,
 For grace in far-off countries. Still,
 When every foreign land is trod,
 I know ye will return, and you
 Will lift your hands, protesting there
 Was never yet a scene so fair
 This side the golden gates of God.

Such women ! And such waists ! Such arms !
 Such full development of charms !
 Such matchless, moving loveliness !
 Such sweeping grace ! Such gorgeous dress !

Such eyes ! Such little feet ! and such—
 Such everything ! It is too much !
 It drives one wild to sit and write
 Of so much beauty, when one might—
 But never mind. Go thou and view
 The glory of the Avenue !

How peaceful and how perfect all !
 A rustle as of rustling trees
 When crisp-curl'd autumn leaflets fall ;
 A murmur like the lull of bees
 In Californian flower field
 On purple afternoons.

You hear

No lifted voice affront the ear,
 Or sword-like tongue clang battle-shield.
 Columbia's low-voiced women call,
 Or answer back to ardent loves,
 Like cooing, changeful-throated doves,
 On far, faint, wooded waterfall ;
 And this you hear, and that is all.

What long, long, endless, lovely lines
 Of moving beauty reaching down
 Like benedictions through the town !

What pride! What glory mantles all!
 What gorgeous garmenting of tall,
 Majestic Junos! Beauty shines
 From every speaking paving-stone
 As beauty never spake or shone.

What rainbow-colors! Lines of clothes!
 Not clothes-lines! No! But now suppose,
 Sartor Resartus, quaint Carlisle,
 Stands looking up this many a mile
 Of moving beauty; and suppose
 He puts his finger to his nose,
 And, smiling, with that cynic smile,
 Divests them there of all their clothes?

XII.

And yet how lonely is all this!
 More lone than middle forest is,
 If strange, and worn, and weary you
 Move down this mighty Avenue.

I do remember long ago,
 A boy, by Leman's languid flow,
 Alone, alone! God, how alone!

To land and language all unknown.
 I strolled so wearily and slow,
 And sad as after death. The crowd
 Was gay, and populous, and loud.

Alone and sad I sat me down
 To rest on Rousseau's narrow Isle,
 Below Geneva. Mile on mile
 And set with many a shining town,
 Tow'rd Dent du Midi danced the wave
 Beneath the moon.

Winds went and came,
 And fanned the stars into a flame.
 I heard the loved lake, dark and deep,
 Rise up and talk as in its sleep.
 I heard the laughing waters lave
 And lap against the farther shore,
 An idle oar, and nothing more,
 Save that the Isle had voice, and save
 That round about its base of stone
 There plashed and flashed the foamy Rhone.

A stately man, as black as tan,
 Kept up a stern and broken round
 Among the strangers on the ground.

I named that awful African
A second Hannibal.

I gat
My elbows on the table, sat
With chin in upturned palm to scan
His face, and contemplate the scene.
The moon rode by a star-crowned queen.
I was alone. Lo! not a man
To speak my mother tongue. Ah me!
How more than all alone can be
A man in crowds. Across the Isle
My Hannibal strode on.

The while
Diminished Rousseau sat his throne
Of books, unnoticed and unknown.

This strange, strong man, with face austere
At last drew near. He bowed; he spake
In unknown tongue. I could but shake
My head. Then, half a-chill with fear
I rose, and sought another place.
Again I mused. The kings of thought
Came by, and on that storied spot
I lifted up a tearful face.

The star-set Alps they sang a tune
Unheard by any soul save mine.
Mont Blanc, as lone and as divine
And white, seemed mated to the moon.

The past was mine, strong-voiced and vast:
Stern Calvin, strange Voltaire, and Tell,
And two whose names are known too well
To name, in grand procession passed.

And yet again came Hannibal,
King-like he came, and drawing near,
I saw his brow was now severe
And resolute. In tongues unknown
Again he spake. I was alone,
Was all unarmed, was worn and sad;
But now, at last, my spirit had
Its old assertion.

I arose,
As startled from a dull repose.
With gathered strength I raised a hand,
And cried, "I do not understand."

His black face brightened as I spake;
He bowed; he wagged his woolly head;

He showed his shining teeth and said,
 "Sah, if you please, dose tables here
 Am consecrate to lager-beer;
 And, sah, what will you have to take?"

Not that I loved that colored cuss—
 Nay! he had awed me all too much—
 But I sprang forth, and with a clutch
 I grasped his hand, and holding thus,
 Oried,

"Bring my country's drink for two!"

For oh! that speech of Saxon sound
 To me was as a fountain found
 In wastes, and thrilled me through and through.

On Rousseau's Isle, in Rousseau's shade,
 Two pink and spicy drinks were made;
 In classic shade, on classic ground,
 We stirred two cocktails round and round.

XIII.

The Baroness in her parlors lay
 Red flushed with conquest of the day.

"And he is mine!" She half arose
 From couch of gold and silken snow
 At thought of it.

The proud repose
 That comes to voyagers who know
 The land is theirs, illumed her face.
 "Good Christ, it were a lusty race,
 That I did run for name and place!
 To name myself the Baroness!
 To seek the predest city out!
 To come a stranger in disdain,
 Proud scorning all life's littleness;
 To dare it all! to never doubt!
 To reach mine own strong, right hand out,
 And clutch this lion's yellow mane!

"I am the Baroness du Bois!
 Aye, that is good! from wood and vine
 I drew my line. My crest should be
 An arrow cleaving through a tree,
 For even all earth's wooden walls
 Shall not defeat. My burning brow
 Shall bear his coronet. My halls,
 My marble halls, shall shout with joy!
 My firm feet shall not falter now!

Why turn me back? My slopes of pine
Henceforth shall be a land forgot.
I know them not, I know them not.
My face shall front the rising sun,
My feet shall measure conquests run.
If I must make a long, strong race,
What good that I turn back my face
Each day, to see the distance done?

"Yet, Christ! I almost wish again
That seat in heart-sick loneliness,
Quite at the bottom round, that I
Might scorn again to climb so high,
Or seek with burning eagerness
A worthless coronet. My breast
Disdains deceit! I cannot rest.

"But he is mine! Sir Francis Jain,
My lion with the yellow mane,
Ere yet another month betide
Shall take me close, his becomed bride. . . .
And Doughal?

God! the thought of it!"

She sprang full statured in the air.
She shook her mighty storm of hair,

And trembled as in ague fit—
"I cannot, cannot, cannot tear
His memory, the love, the hate,
The everlasting hate I bear
This man, from out my heart, go where
I may."

Her two clasped hands fell down.
Her face forgot its dark, fierce frown,
And sad and slow she shook her head.
"O, if, indeed, it were but hate!
But love and hate do intertwine,
A serpent, and a laden vine.
But where is Doughal?

He is dead!
Thank God, the man is dead! and I
Am free as any maid to wed.
And if he be not dead, what then?
Do I not hate him with a hate
That will not let me hesitate
Now at the last?

Above all men
I hate this cursed, cold man who fled,
And left me in the flame to die. . . .
And he is dead, thank God, is dead!

" And if he be not dead, but rise
Some day to front me ? I can say,
Can look right squarely in his eyes,
Before Sir Francis, any day,
And say, my lord, this fellow lies !

" But then my letters ! and the face
I painted on that quaint gold-plate !
Ah, curse that childish face ! I hate
That priest who taught my hand to trace
Its silly lineaments. But fate
Has been my friend. I still will dare
And trust to fate, and leave the care
To circumstance.

" Now shall I wed
This baronet, and so shall be
Indeed a rightful Baroness.
Yea, be the thing I do profess,
Where no man's tongue may question me ;
And in some new, far home forget
That love which comes to haunt me yet.
Yea, Doughal, Doughal, he that fled,
And left me in the flame, is dead,
Is dead ! is dead ! thank God, is dead ! "

She sank upon her couch. She drew
Her round arms up right full, and threw
Them forth, and sighed and caught her breath
As one that waked from sleep-like death.
She straightened long limbs in repose,
Her long, strong fearless limbs that grew
To God's perfection, where they knew
No bridling. Her dark lids did close
In lovely languor, and she lay
As one that would forget away.

But vain she wooed her soul's repose.
She turned, and on her round arm rose,
And touched a bell. " How thick this air !
Pray place a pastille on the marble there,
Within the alcove. Why, my wood—
Nay, heed me not. Why do you stare ?
My mind resumes its savage mood,
My soul takes on the elements
Of storm and battle and events
'Twas chiefest of. . . . Nay, nay, my mind
Went back to my ancestral land,
And I fell dreaming of the grand
Old forest, and of hound and hind

Afar. Ah! thank you.

Turn that chair

A shade more mellow from the light,
A footstool, now. Now loose my hair
And fan me leisurely. To-night
I would you had some great romance,
Of Sappho, Dido, or, perchance,
Some later lover; one who knew
The purple glory of proud blood,
And lived and died for sweet love's sake . . .
Pray make that bird be silent!

Take

This mantle, girl, of silk and gold,
And throw it over him, and hold
His pretty song a prisoner . . .
Where was I? Oh, the lovers. You,
I think, have read Zenobia through
These three nights past. Yet as for her—
She hardly made my strong blood stir—
You see her picture there? And there
Is Sappho, Egypt. Everywhere
Grand, storied, pictures of the great
Of my own sex, who knew to hate,
Or love, which is indeed the same,
Yet not one shade that bears man's name.

Read me some reckless love and true;
Some star-touched woman's soul, that drew
Earth's magnets to its stormy height.
Yea, give me tiger's meat to-night;
Some Cleopatra who disdained
All little ways of life, and grew
To top the pyramids, and reigned,
Still reigns a wider realm than all
Rome ever knew in rise or fall.

"Come, wheel my cushion softly, far
To yon dim alcove, where the light
Falls freely, and the lofty frown
Of pictured Hercules in war
Shall look my restless spirit down,
And hush my longings for the night.

"There! let me rest. Unloose my gown.
My heart, my very soul seems bound
And bridled in these silken ropes
And corded things. O, my free woods!
My raging seas! my flowing floods!
My wood-built vales. . . my dreams, my hopes—
There, there! go, go! I bade you go
Long since. Why stare you so?

"O, heaven! If I had but one
To talk to of my battles done.
But one poor mind to sympathise,
Or understand my hopes or fears,
Or know why tears, hot, drowning tears,
Come sometime tiding to my eyes. . . .
Not one to love.

I cannot buy
With all this wealth one soul to trust,
And to the bitter end I must
Live out this gilded, splendid lie.

"That mocking, flaunting moonlight falls
With brazen harshness through the gold
And damask of yon curtain's fold,
And flaunts me in my very halls.

"And all this richly-figured floor
That sinks like velvet to my feet
Lies stiff, as if my winding-sheet. . . .
That moonlight lies like bright steel bar
And heavy on my heart. Afar
I hear the rolling town once more
Strike steel to stone.

"O, God! to sleep!

O that my weary feet could stray
But once again in that vast deep
And distant wild land of delight,
Where men take hardly note of night
And night deals generous with day.
I will return again—nay, nay!
What queen shall rule this realm but I?
Who looks back perishes! My way
Lies open and inviting now.
My feet are strong; upon my brow,
My dark and ample brow is set
The brightest star in social sky,
And it shall wear the coronet.

"My soul, stay with me, nor forget:
Stay with me, nor return again
To land of seas and wild, white rain,
Until I gain the coronet;
Let Doughal sleep his well-earned sleep
With wild beasts 'neath the sundown deep.
My face is front, my brow is set
For conquest and a coronet."

XIV.

Two strange ships on an unknown sea,
 That counter sail, to God knows where,
 May meet, but pass not instantly.
 The very fact of being there
 Proves them of common lot, a life
 In battled elements and strife;
 And they will break their loneliness,
 And bow white sails across the sea,
 Though they should prove, at last, to be
 But common in their dark distress.
 Two ships oft met on this lone main;
 The Baroness, Sir Francis Jain.

How these digressions do disgust
 And weary you! You much mistrust
 The man has little fruit to show
 Who plucks wild flowers as you go,
 And loiters at his garden gate,
 And seems to halt and hesitate
 To lead right up the path to where
 His fruits hang ripest and most fair.

We will return, and not again
 Depart the path. Perhaps with pain
 I see the dull conclusion. I
 Would dally by the way, would lie
 Forever on the common grass,
 And let the vulgar, panting pass.

Nay, haste not like the hired slave;
 Take life's good as you go, my friend.
 Haste not, haste not. Behold! the end
 Of each man's road is in a grave.

XV.

Sir Francis and his lady fair
 Rode far from out the Park and town.
 A star was in her midnight hair,
 Her hand shone with a starry stone
 That lit their bridle path at night.
 Like some tall shepherd, shepherding
 His flock upon the soundless flood,
 A far ship anchored, tall and white.
 The snapping bat was on the wing,

A dog howled from the distant wood ;
And right and left, and white and lone,
Some mighty marbles ghostly stood.

'Twas night, and yet it was not dark.
They long had passed broad Central Park ;
And yet they rode on silently,
Until the great, white-girdled moon,
As soft as summer afternoon,
Came wheeling up the sea, and lay
Her broad, white shoulders bare as day ;
As if at some fair, festal ball
Of gathered stars at carnival.

He reined, he turned him home at last,
Yet scarce a word his lips had passed.
And at his side his lady, she
Rode silent and as wrapt as he ;
Rode still and constant, as if she
Had been his guardian angel, bound
To lead him through some dark profound.

His soul was as some ship that drew
All silent through the burst of seas,
Pursuing some far distant star

That spun unfixed forever through
The boundless upper seas of blue.
She seemed so near, and yet so far.
Just now she seemed as near as woe ;
Just now she seemed as far as though
They dwelt in the antipodes.

They silent rode. She looked away,
As one that had no word to say.
She had her secret, this he knew ;
Yet ofttime in the night alone,
He waked and wondered if the true
And heart-pent history was known—
If painted in its blackest hue,
'Twould make a shadow to his own.

Two strange, uncommon souls were these
That silent sailed uncompassed seas.
Far out from any ship or shore,
Far out from reef or breakers' roar.
Where ships of commerce never drew
A keel, these two ships crossed, and knew
Each other as they sailed alone,
And on, to under worlds unknown.

O golden, sacred silentness !
 Take thou the silver coin of speech,
 And bribe your way to hearts, so less
 Than hearts the silences shall reach.

Two strangers rode in silence down
 Against the sounding, teeming town ;
 Two strangers. Yet two souls that knew
 Heart histories far better than
 The wisest and profoundest mar
 That ever read earth's archives through.

Didst ever think how souls have size
 And weight and measure in God's eyes,
 So other than the weight and span
 And measure given them by man ?

Why, there be hunchback souls that stand
 Beside tall souls, broad-browed and grand ;
 And these bend ever, and look down
 Upon the great soul's rumpled gown,
 And see upon its trail a stain,
 Obtained, perchance, in some great fight,
 In silent battle for the right ;

And then they mock and make complain,
 And wagging point the world the stain,

Then there be shallow souls that seem
 To foam along like shallow stream,
 As if they feared the while you would
 Forget that they had ever been,
 Did they not keep their clang and din:
 And, come to think, perhaps, you should.

In middle heaven moved the moon.
 Still slow they rode and silently,
 Till sudden distant thunder fell
 From out fair heaven. Like a knell
 Of some departed afternoon,
 That dying, leaves a heritage
 Of undivided memory
 Of most delicious love, it fell
 Upon the wrapt Sir Francis Jain
 And startled him. He threw the gage
 To fate, rose full, clutched at his rein,
 Struck heel to flank, throw back his hair,
 Spoke loud, and laughed with careless air
 Of tempest driving up the skies,
 And lifting unto her, his eyes,



At touch of large, slant drops of rain,
He gathered up his strength again,
And strange, far thought, that still would roam,
And plunged and led right hard for home.

The desolation of the plain,
The perfect solitude, the reign
Of ghosts and spirits of the dark
Came down. The tempest's wild complain
Was monsterlike. The driving rain
And loud-voiced furies rode the air.
No lamp, no light, stood out that night,
No star in heaven set a mark—

'Twas darkness, darkness, everywhere.
They pierced the middle of the Park.
Their road led underneath the ground ;
The arches echoed far, profound.
The winding paths led in and out,
The tempest rode in merry rout ;
They rode against the slanting rain,
They rode a circle round and round,
And rode in circle yet again.

And still they rode, still round and round,
By darkling arch, beneath the ground,

The while the hoofs kept clanging sound.
At last quite wild and quite worn out,
Sir Francis turned and gave a shout
From underneath an arch. From out
A deeper arch, a cave, hard by,
There came a sharp, responding cry.

"Ho ! ho ! A call for help. We come !
Come ! Up ! my comrades ; follow me !"
Sir Francis turned his head, and he
Stood still, as one struck stark and dumb ;
For lightnings fell in sheets just then,
And showed a line of surly men.

But these Sir Francis heeded not ;
His flashing eyes the instant fell
Upon their leader ; one who stood
The tallest tree of some dark wood.
He stood as one that time forgot,
Or feared to tackle, or to lay
A hand upon—he stood so well,
That time went by the other way.

And still Sir Francis sat and sat
His steed, and stared and stared thereat.

He looked right in the robber's face,
Who stood and boldly stood his place;
The while the men drew circle round,
And made secure their vantage-ground.

Their leader bowed and stepped before
Sir Francis, and laid hold the rein.
He bade the lady pass; she passed,
Then turned, and peering glances cast.
His lifted brow was white and broad,
His presence like a demigod.
He was all coolness—leisure now,
He shook his brown locks from his brow,
Half smiled, and blandly bowed again;
And then he turned, stern raised a hand,
Toward his men, gave some command,
Held high his lamp before Sir Jain,
Half laughed, then smiling, bowed again.

Again he jerked his lantern high,
Half turned, and heard the lady's cry,
The while she sat her steed hard by.
Quite lowly then he bowed once more,
And stepping back, with bended head
And courteous bearing, gaily said

He did most certainly deplore
The state of weather; 'twas severe;
A sort of equinox, he thought;
He said to-morrow surely ought
In conscience, to be bright and clear,
For sunshine surely follows rain;
Then turned him to Sir Francis Jain.

He haughty bowed his broad, high head,
And in the Queen's best English, said:
"But now this weather question, sir—
The winds, the rains, the sudden rise
Of choler in the angered skies;
The fall of the barometer,
The storms by land, the calms by sea,
Are fixed by Probabilities!

"You meet your neighbor now at morn,
Shake hands, how-how, then hesitate.
You first look fluttered, then forlorn.
You cannot speak. You know the great
Eternal question now is done.
Six thousand years men met together
And calmly talked about the weather,
But now, the papers run the sun.

A man asks, 'Will it rain to-day?'
Give him two cents and go your way.

"And you, my friend, if you had thought
This evening as you galloped out
And hailed a poor newsboy and bought
A first-class paper, why, no doubt
The small investment, sir, had been
A big investment for your tin.

"And this reminds me, by-the-way,
That tin is what we want. I know,
A very common want to-day.
But so extravagant, and so
Exactng are the ladies, and
So many are the needs of men
To hold respect and have a place
In woman's heart—

Ah ! madam, I,
I do assure you, I had rather die
Than make offense, or so disgrace
Myself and fellows, as to stand
In your sweet presence here and say
One word against the sex for which
We hazard all. Yes, madam ! you

Can hardly think what men pull through
To be illustrious, grand, or rich ;
To please you, charm you, win the prize
Of love, in love's enchanting eyes !

"And, sir ! I end as I begin,
By hinting, I am out of tin.
But not for self, believe me, sir,
I make demand, but all for her.

"The ships that plow the foamy track,
The mines that open mouths of gold,
The smoke of battle rolling back,
Enshrouding thousands stark and cold,
The tracking of the trackless climes,
The thousand crowns, the thousand crimes
Of man, the woman-worshiper—
All won or done alone for her.

"But, lady, please pass on a pace ;
Pray climb that ridge above the moat,
The truth is, being gentle-born, you see,
The presence of a lady's face
It always did embarrass me
Whene'er I meant to cut a throat.

"Nay, nay, pass on. I do but jest.
 'Tis one of my rough, playful pranks ;
 I only have a slight request
 To make of this, your gallant knight ;
 And I, in truth, am too polite
 To talk of business in the sight
 Of ladies. Ah ! thanks, madam, thanks !
 I will not keep you long. The night
 Is damp. Then 'tis so very late,
 'Twere impolite to make you wait.

"And now, sir, one word with you, I pray,
 Be you banker, merchant, what you may ;
 I read you truly this prophesy.
 And profit who may ; it is naught to me ;
 But go on as you go, and your tramps shall be,
 In a few years more, your majority.
 Your bold, bad merchants of the vote,
 The politician with his hand
 Clutched tight around the country's throat,
 While helpless millions weeping stand
 And shiver in their rage before
 The silent, closed, and mouldy door,
 Of factory and busy mill,
 With loom and spindle rusting still

That make sweet melody no more—
 These men they nothing risk at all
 Save reputation. And take note
 That that is most exceeding small.
 Now, sir, we pay you our respects
 Like men. We rob, but do not lie.
 We take your purses openly,
 We rob, but also risk our necks.

"Ah ! so you would proceed. No doubt !
 Nay, stop ! Stand sir ! Stand ! Take out
 That quick right hand that you have just
 This moment in your bosom thrust !
 Take out your hand ! No ? Shall it be
 Purse ? or pistol ? Look at me !
 You see I do not flinch. My face
 Is lifted unto yours.

My place
 Is peril's front. I know not fear.
 You have the drop. Then slay me here,
 And gallop into town and they
 Will name you hero of the day.

"Now draw ! Shoot centre ! deadly, true !
 What, sir ? Your purse ! By heaven, you

Were born a king! Whom can you be,
To bravely spare a man like me?
Where drew you breath?

I know but one—

But one lone man beneath the sun
Who thus could turn and scornfully
Give back the life that clutched at his,
And with it, purse well filled as this.

"And that one man, he wore a chain
For many a long year at my side
In wild Australia.

And that name?

My true chain-fellow—chained in shame—
I speak it with a lofty pride—
'Twas Jain, Sir Jain! Sir Francis Jain!

"Nay, nay, my lady! Start not so!
No harm shall happen him, I swear.
Stand back, my men! Now may he go;
There is a wildness in his air
That even I would hardly dare
To trifle with.

Stand wide, my men,
And lift your hats with gallant grace:

We shall not see his like again.
Come! let my lantern strike his face!
Now as he gallops from the place;
And note him well, that after this
No harm shall hap to him or his;
And mark—

By heaven, it is Jain!

'Tis Jain, 'tis Jain! Sir Francis Jain!
Come back! Come, take your gold; why, I—
I would not touch it though I die.

"You will not turn! Then take the right
Upon the rise. You see the light
Above the city's centre rise
Like London, dashing all the skies?
Then ride for that. Ride straight, and you
Will strike the lighted Avenue;
And mind, sir Jain—Sir Francis Jain,
Some morrow eve we meet again.
This ready gold will guide me through;
I, I, the learned young Greek, and you,
The lion of the Avenue;
I, I, the patriot Greek, denied—
Gods! they are gone! hear how they ride!"

XVI

Sir Francis' face was on his hand.
 His eyes looked blankly, helpless down;
 His brow was dark with sullen frown.
 His hair was tumbled wildly, and
 His face was flushed as one that wept,
 And yet wept not, nor waked, nor slept.

A pistol nestled close beside
 A nervous and outreaching hand;
 A thing familiar and long tried,
 That waited as for some command.

He rose and slowly walked the floor,
 Then sat him down and swiftly wrote,
 With fevered hand, a hurried note.
 Then quick he rose, and clutched and tore
 What he had writ, and, still in frown,
 Strode long and thoughtful up and down.

At last he stopped, as one outworn,
 Sat down, took up the fragments torn,

And sadly smiled. And now he caught
 Convulsively, as racked with pain,
 The pen, spread out the page again,
 And wrote as one made mad with thought.

"Farewell, farewell, yet not farewell.
 I know the sullen, clanging knell
 Of clod on coffin-lid means all
 Is over. Yet the bleeding heart
 Is oft too wounded to depart,
 And so creeps in the buried pall.

"Oh, let my broken heart still true,
 Come back with olive branch to rest
 From thy proud presence. This were best;
 Oh, this were best, indeed, for you.

"Mine ark is as some broken bark,
 That ever buffets storm. The dark
 Has mantled me. My fluttered dove
 Went forth a fond, devoted love.
 Now give it peace of death and rest,
 Oh, fair and faultless, this were best.

"I loved you, lady—love you now,
 With love intensified to pain;

But we must never meet again.
I write to give you back your vow.

"Oh, fair, white dove, the olive bough,
Lies deep submerged. My ship drives on
In deluge and in darkness. Night
Has compassed me at last, and now
Must you escape and live. But dawn
Is yours, and days of calm delight.

"Lo! here I sit, forlorn, to-night,
And calmly write and sign for you
Mine own death-warrant.

The disdain
Of universal earth was naught
Had you but hovered in my sight.
I could have lived in you, forgot
The deep indignity, the stain,
The perils my young life passed through,
The hard reproaches and heart pain.
But all is over.

It is due
To your position, and to you,
To tell you I am that same Jain,
The convict Jain, Sir Francis Jain.

I bore that name because it was
My noble, gentle, father's name;
A name renounced the day he wed
My mother, and brought on his head
A father's curse.

In pride or shame,
I wore, and I shall wear that name.
I love, I bear that name, because
It was my sire's—all that he
In dying could bequeath to me.

"I would not palliate, nor claim
One touch of tenderness, no tear
From you, fair girl; from any one
Beneath the broad, all-seeing sun.
But I would have you know that name
Is my real name; that it is dear;
That I have worn it e'er, my friend,
Unshamed, and so shall to the end.

"I might have worn a nobler still,
Indeed might now, the lord of Rude.
But mine own proud, impatient will,
It rose and led me on, and bowed
Another path.

In solitude

My sire's sire childless weeps,
And waits, and mournful vigil keeps
For my return. I cannot bear
Nor brook the thought to turn me there,
To front again that iron face,
That let my father helpless die
Because he wed a peasant wife,
And chose a lowly walk in life—
That let my dying mother lie
In hovel and alone, while I
For battling for my mother's race
Prayed death from prison and disgrace. . . .

"O sea-green glory of the sea ;
Sweet isle of song and history,
And fair-haired woman, with a grace
Of heaven in thy lighted face—
Thou, Erin, I was true to thee. . . .

"We sometimes laugh so loud that we
From very joy must turn and weep.
The world is round. Extremes must meet.
We sometimes mourn so very deep

That we do laugh hysterically,
As if the bitter had been sweet.

. . . . "It comes to be my strange belief,
From what my life has heard and seen,
That you may bend your ear, and you
May whisper soft as far-off bird,
Against the wall that lifts between
Intensest joy, intensest grief,
And so be quite distinctly heard.
The world is round. Extremes must meet.
The sweet is bitter ; bitter sweet.

"Why, I sit smiling now. The tears
That had been prisoned long, long years,
Hard frozen—that refused to flow
For mine or for my father's woe,
Have flowed to-night in streams above
The grave of this new-buried love. . . .

"'Tis pitiful, 'tis painful. Yet
With all this agonized regret,
That all is o'er, there has come
A strange, uncommon sense of rest.
My feet shall rest. My lips be dumb,

ON FIFTH AVENUE.

For earth has nothing I request.
And now to life's conclusion must
My lips be stopped as stopped with dust.

"As one, far traversing the West,
Finds some vast sea and troubled wave,
Some trackless sea of boundless shore
That shuts the world he would explore,
And so sits down and digs his grave,
And calmly waits his final rest,
So I sit waiting, sad, yet fond,
Half glad that earth has naught beyond.

"Not one fair foot-print marks my shore.
The Sea stretched forth his cold, white hands,
And leveled smooth the shining sands
Where your feet passed the day before.
Now all lies blank. I, now, no more
Shall look before. Let me look back
Along my lone life's dubious track.

"I had a friend, one friend, who stood
Like some high-lifted, lighted tower,
Above the stormy, sea-foam flood
On peril's front, in peril's hour.

ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Oh, lady, know you what it is
To know unshaken soul like this?

"The stakes were freedom and renown.
God's freedom to the grandest race
That ever groaned in the disgrace
Of foreign court and foreign crown.
'Twas freedom or a felon's chain.
We staked and lost. . . . We would again.

"My fellow-captive was my friend;
A braver, nobler man than I;
A man who ever sought to die,
And so lives on unto the end.
You ask me where may now abide
This friend so chivalrous, so tried?
This man so braver, nobler born,
Who held all rank in splendid scorn?

"Hold back your face. You may not care
To hear his name and place till you
Have seen how faithful and how true
He was, and what his soul could dare
In deadly circumstance, or how
He grew the knave I find him now.

"Why, we were chained—chained hand to hand;
 And in this prisonment we grew
 In firmer friendship than they knew;
 And, spite of hard oppression, stood
 Like two tall poplars of the wood,
 Half wedded, for he was more grand
 Than proudest noble of the land.

"At last one night we broke this chain,
 In wild Australian fortress. We
 Could only hear the tumbling sea
 Break hard against the beetling wall,
 And lift and fall, and that was all;
 We knew not where we were, no more
 Than midnight storm of driving rain—
 That beat the sea and shook the shore.

"We reckless climbed the beetling wall,
 Down which it seemed a ghost would fall.
 And when we breathed free air again,
 And when we touched the fields and fled,
 While I crept by as one nigh dead,
 Why, every loose link of my chain,
 The iron ball I dragged in pain,

He bore upon his shoulders broad
 All day, as if some demigod.

"We broke the chains anew, and then
 Once more were free, unfettered men.
 But cursed chains leave a trail and trace
 Sometime, that years shall not efface.

"At last, outworn and faint we stood
 Far off against the upland wood,
 Where stretched two dim, dividing trails.
 One led o'er mountains, one through vales,
 And all were as unknown to me
 As unnamed isles of middle sea.

"We knew no road, no sign, or chart;
 Knew naught at all. We only knew
 That there would be a deadly chase
 O'er mountain height, by mountain base.
 We bore full heritage of hate,
 For we were loaders; were the two
 That stood as pillars to the gate
 Of freedom, while the brave passed through.

"We knew that we must instant part,
 Take divers ways, in hopes that one



Might grope the tangled jungle through,
And with a bold, unbroken heart
Escape, to undertake anew
The work we nobly had begun.

"He bade me take my choice of trails.
I did refuse. He smiling drew
A halfpence forth, and gaily threw
Our only fortune in the air.
'Come! choose, my comrade! Heads or tails?'
How he did counterfeit the care
That burrowed deep his mighty heart!
I knew his heart was breaking—knew
The while that all this dash and dare
Was done for me, to make me bear
With fortitude, my further part.
I chose. And so we parted there
That instant, with one last embrace,
All silent, with averted face.

"Through lonely vales he took his flight;
My way led up the mountain height;
And mark what followed: Weak and worn,
My body bent, my bare feet torn,
I sought safe shelter for the night

In densest copse along the height,
Where great rocks rose above a cave,
As if to guard some giant's grave.

"I gathered sticks, struck flint and steel,
And when the flames leapt up, behold!
The cave was one vast mass of gold—
More gold than England's vaults conceal!
To only think that all this dross
Depended on a copper's toss.

"I gathered gold. In pain and fear,
I sought the sea with burdened hands—
I bribed my way to better lands;
But secret I returned each year,
To seek my comrade far and wide,
And up and down; and all in vain.
Each year I gathered heaps of gold
From my great coffers hidden deep,
Where spotted tigers house and sleep.
I gave—gave generous and bold
As Caesar, so to bribe, reward
The sheep-men, officers or guard,
To bring me my lost friend again.

They told me he had surely died
From beasts or flood. They lied ! they lied.

"Forgive me, love. Yea, pity me.
Man's face is fronted to a wall.
He prophesies to-morrow. All
His days, he plans of days to be ;
And yet, poor fool, he cannot see
One inch before, around, or o'er
The wall that circles him. And I
Am even as the blindest. Could
I foreknow that he should rise,
Red-handed, in my road at night,
Arrayed in that dark robber's guise?
This man who erst stood up to die
For honor's sake?

We two once stood

On peril's bristled height alone ;
We two, in God's high-lifted light,
Exalting but in purity.
Shall I desert him overthrown ?
Forsake my friend because his soul
Is slimed and perishing ?

Ah, me !

'Twere base to fly and leave a friend

All bleeding on the battle-field,
Without one shelt'ring hand or shield
To help when battle's thunders roll.

"But that were little. Dying there
On glory's front, with trumpet's blare,
And battle's shout blent wild about—
The sense of sacrifice, the roar
Of war, the soul might well leap out—
The snow-white soul leap boldly out
The door of wounds, and up the stair
Of heaven to God's open door,
While yet the hands were bent in prayer.
But ah ! to leave a soul o'erthrown,
And doomed to slowly die alone !

"The body is not much. 'Twere best
Take up the soul and leave the rest.
It seems to me the man who leaves
The soul to perish, is as one
Who gathers up the empty sheaves
When all the golden grain is done.

"Farewell ! I reach this man the hand
That had been yours, that he may stand.

Farewell! Forget me, lest you hear
The world your love insult with sneer.
Farewell; this robber was my friend,
Is now, and shall be to the end.

"Farewell! God help me now. For such
Hard conflicts tide about my heart
That I do hesitate.

The part

Of man is in the ranks to die
Hard battling for the shining right;
But when all things partake a touch
Of darkness and a touch of light,
The skein comes tangled. Then the woof
And warp of life proves reason-proof.
O heaven! for a sword so true
Of edge that I might cleave this through!

"The years lift like a stair. Arise
And climb the stairway to the skies,
And look possession of the world
That lies quite conquered at your feet.
Yet range not far, I do entreat;
Black clouds will cross the fairest skies,
The fullest tides must ebb and flow;

The proudest king that e'er unfurled
His banners, met his overthrow.

"Farewell, farewell! for aye, farewell.
Yet must I end as I began.
I love you, love you, love but you—
I love you now as never man
Has loved since man and woman fell,
Or God gave man inheritance,
Or sense of love, or any sense.
And that is why, O love, I can,
Lift up to you my burning brow
To-night, and so renounce you now."

XVII.

It took two large, brown envelopes,
Of Congress-shape; in fact, such ones
As Congressmen frank home by tons,
To hold this tale of blighted hopes.

He sealed them tight, addressed each one,
Then licked the unlicked Washington,

And stamped them fully.

Then he rose
And, feeling really he had done
All things a gentleman could do,
He rolled a cigarette.

Then unto
This fuse he plied a match, and blew
A booming, double volley through
His lifted and beclouded nose ;
As if some double-barreled gun
Shot at the ugly world below,
The cold, cold, cruel world, you know.

The letters sent, he paced the floor
Impatiently, and until morn,
As one most hopeless, in proud scorn,
What would she do ?

What could he more ?
These things he questioned o'er and o'er,
Till morn made answer at the door.

He was as one condemned to death,
Who respite prays, with bated breath,
And clutches quick and breaks the seal
To see what fate may now reveal.

He snatched this from the messenger,
And read these hasty lines from her.

"My dear Sir Francis,

Come ! O come !

I stand with arms outstretched. The door
Is wider even than before.
My eyes droop down, my lips are dumb,
I walk all time the empty floor.
I will not sit until you come.

"Is love, indeed, a little thing
To be put by at time like this,
While we stand mute and wondering ?
O come, Sir Francis ! come now, come !
Shall my life round to this small sum ?
Shall I make love a trade, and change,
Childlike, for aught that falls amiss,
And range as common women range ?

"O, do not think me over-bold !
You say you suffer unto death.
Then this is my excuse. The cold
And cautious world, with poison breath,
I know right well will sentence me

To infamy for this. I see
No other road of duty. So I dare
Do that which I deem fit and fair.

"As for the chains and prison's shame,
Take no reproach. 'Tis nobler far
To bear defeat than shine a star
In circled seat of rounded fame.
I reach my hand in trust to you,
I give unshaken faith, the same
As when you rode with shining name,
The lion of the Avenue.

"I give all this, Sir Francis Jain.
Pray hold it not in proud disdain.
And do you know what little task
My love in full return shall ask?

"Why, it is this. When you shall stand
Beside me, and shall hold my hand,
And I shall lift my happy face
Full into yours, O love, then you
Shall promise that if e'er disgrace
Touch me, that you will prove as true.

"Think thrice, Sir Francis, ere you speak,
For time is strong and man is weak.
Think thrice, then come, and that shall be
As God's own covenant to me.

"Now bear with truth, and hear me through.
I am a liar, traitor. You
Are truth itself compared to one
Who calls, heart-broken and undone.
Your truth has conquered me, for now
I know that man may keep a vow.

"I am no Baroness. Nay, I
Am an impostor, and the lie
Is crushing me.

There, take it all!
You hold the ladder. Let me fall
Or hold me to my place, and you
Shall be my star the cycles through.

"Ah! you despise me. That you may
Despise me thoroughly, I pray
Hear this. I once was wed
To one I loved as never man
Was loved since history began.

He left me to my death. He fled.
But he is dead, thank God, is dead.

"I speak it earnestly. And yet
I cannot, cannot all forget
Of that great love. It comes to me
As climbs some storm-sea o'er the beach ;
Yea, comes like some great, tidal sea
And teems and drowns my topmost reach.
You see, O love, I offer you
No virgin love, yet love as true.

"I do confess the world is dear,
For stormed and cruel was my youth ;
And now I stand low-humbled here,
Divested of my crown, as one
Who hath some grand reign just begun.
The world is dear ; but dearer truth,
If I can find a man as true,
O love, to challenge truth, as you.

"My broken heart, pierced through and through,
Throbs audibly. I would reveal
Its utmost chamber now to you
And not one sacred niche conceal. . . .

And you have all. My weakness is
A longing for a love like this
God promised me, and for a name,
A proud, fair name. Shall I confess
That this same name, the Baroness,
Was more to me, is dearer yet,
Than gold or lands? A crown of shame,
Alas ! shall be my coronet.

"Go save your friend. Give him the hand
That had been mine. Then come to me,
If you, through all eternity,
Would save a soul. I cannot stand
Alone. This well-established lie
Is like a mill-stone to my neck, and I
Must reach some solid shore or die.

"Yet if there lives on all this earth
One man as true, yea, half as true,
Yea, of one-hundredth part the worth
As this same friend that waits for you,
Why come, if you despise me not,
And let us haste, haste, seek the spot
Where he conceals, and reach this man
Two hands ; two hands ! for surely two,

Made strong with love, and reaching so,
 Were stronger for his poor soul than
 One hand made weak with pain and woe."

As some brief-banished king that turns
 Rejoicing to resume his throne—
 As some bright light that leaps and burns
 Above the darkness when the blown
 Swift winds delight the leaping flame,
 Sir Francis, fond and eager came.

For he had groped with sorrow through
 The vale of desolation. He
 Had learned how rare the fountains are
 On life's long, level desert. Few
 Had been his friends, and these were far
 Away in banishment. He knew,
 And strange, indeed, how few there be
 Who know how rare is love! Ah me!
 Who know the half way worth of it;
 Or even love's delightful counterfeit!

XVIII.

We may presume Sir Francis swore
 To do all she had asked. To stand,
 As she had stood, with reaching hand;
 To help and to protect, if e'er
 Scorn's finger dared to wag at her.
 Indeed, no doubt, a great deal more
 Was promised her, as he leaned o'er
 The weeping Niobe, with all
 The sunrise of his golden hair
 Spilt down upon the deep nightfall
 Of her dark hair, ungathered there.

'Twas very strange. He came that night
 As swift as love; so glad, so fleet,
 To find her falling at his feet,
 Her face all tears, her full neck bare,
 And all her black, abundant hair
 Turn down and tossed in sorry plight.

'Twas very strange, this nervous fit
 Of hers. Perhaps a bit of tact—



A woman's little game. In fact,
Had it not seemed so very strange,
And quite outside the common range,
I should not stop to mention it.

As for her reasons, you must know,
I scarce knew aught about the sex.
An humble chronicler am I
Of facts. I cannot stop to vex
My brain, by giving reasons why
A woman will do thus and so.

Gods! Come to think of it, you know,
I think that's more than she could do.
But I would just suggest that you
Should bundle up these facts, and go
To some old man in double specs—
Some old, old man, who knows the sex.
Find some experienced old man,
The very oldest that you can.

The morning must succeed the night.
All storms subside. The clouds drive by.
And when again the glorious light
From heaven's gate comes bursting through,

Behold! the rains have washed the sky
As bright as heaven's bluest blue.

She would have, weeping, told him all,
Each name, each date, each circumstance,
Her father's crimes, the bloody chance
That brought her fortune, wrought her fall.
But he, he would not hear one word,
Her scarce believed what he had heard.

"My ships are burned, I break no more
The bark of sea. My friend is found,
And all my life shall now be bound
With thee, and bounded by thy shore.
If your pure heart was pierced with pain
Of love that you can scarce forget,
Remember there is deeper stain
On my fair fame and coronet."

He thought a time, then raised his head,
And in a deep, firm voice, he said,
"Now let the dead past bury its dead.
I reach my hand, and over all
I veil the dead past as a pall.



A woman's little game. In fact,
 Had it not seemed so very strange,
 And quite outside the common range,
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 Each name, each date, each circumstance,
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 But he, he would not hear one word,
 Nor scarce believed what he had heard.

"My ships are burned, I break no more
 The hush of seas. My friend is found,
 And all my life shall now be bound
 With thee, and bounded by thy shore.
 If your pure heart was pierced with pain
 Of love that you can scarce forget,
 Remember there is deeper stain
 On my fair fame and coronet."

He thought a time, then raised his head,
 And in a deep, firm voice, he said,
 "Now let the dead past bury its dead.
 I reach my hand, and over all
 I veil the dead past as a pall.

"Be tranquil, then. Permade thy soul
To peace. My life seems perfect now.
Thy broken life shall be made whole;
My friend shall lift his ample brow,
In time, and climb to better things,
Supported by thine angel wings."

O, they, indeed, were lovers now,
Fast bound by many a breathless vow
And promise, seal-set, o'er and o'er,
On ruddy lips and lifted brow,
That naught should ever part them more.
The days went by one calm delight,
And night scarce were the shade of night.

XIX.

There stands a sort of Chinese box,
A pied-house, topt with ginger-bread,
And speckled, as if from a pox.
An imitation, it is said,
Of the Venetian. That may be,
For it looks awfully at sea.

O, pity for the decent blocks,
Of square, and, doubtless, honest rocks,
That make this mixed and mottled pox.

O, shade of Michael Angelo,
Whom only death set in the shade!
Forgive my countrymen, and O,
Forget their large contempt of thee;
Forgive their crime's enormity.
In all these piles of bricks displayed.

What shame, what shame, to treat earth so!
My honest builders, do you know
That every bit of brother clay
That builds a wall or paves a way,
Is ever struggling to express
Some gentler form of loveliness?

Behold the beauty of a tree,
A leaf, a bud; and hearken, ye—
The vilest bit of stuff that falls,
Takes form and blossoms, if it can,
Along the lonesome path of man,
And makes earth beautiful to see.
But O, these melancholy walls!

'Tis hardly treating with respect
Your brother earth, it seems to me,
To give it such deformity.

I beg your pardon. We return
To our mutton, sheep, or lambs—
The gentle lambs, whom both, I learn,
Are going to the crowded jams
In that pied-house, where men have sent
A thousand pictures to a Fair.
I speak with license, understand ;
Perhaps a hundred had been lent,
But then a thousand sounds, in verse,
Or doggeral, or something worse,
More rounded, and a deal more grand.

XX.

A ripple rustled through the crowd,
Then all eyes left the leaning wall,
And all did reach their necks, and all
Did whisper eagerly and loud.

She leaned reliant on his arm,
As if she felt that never harm
Or accident or any shame
Could touch her now, whatever came.
She moved beside him like a dream,
And calm as some deep, sea-bound stream.

A dense and crowded night it was.
Now bear in mind, my duty is,
And was, and will be, touching this,
To give the facts, and not the cause.

Well, they were packed and jammed that night,
The noblest of the Avenue,
Till all seemed so uncommon tight,
They scarce could twist them through and through.

I know not why, yet one might guess,
They came that night because they knew
The lion and the lioness
That sultry eve would come to view
These grand gifts of the Avenue.

And this might argue there were spies
To tell not only what they did,

But what they meant to do.

The Ed

On Dame Pandora's box, or Miss
Pandora, I reach fear me, lies
Quite loose and careless; blown about
By any counter winds that rise;
And my conclusion of it is,
The greatest evils she lets out
Are lover's secrets. What say you,
Fair ladies of the Avenue?

The lovers passed from hall to hall,
And sudden, in a bright room, faced
A man, with many a friend around.
'Twas Doughtal; he whom we have traced
Through food and flame; whom we have found
A brigand, cursed, damned and disgraced.
He stood up comely, proud and tall;
A stalwart, sort of second steel,
A man that overtopped them all.

He seemed to me, yet saw her not;
His eyes ranged distant so his thought.
She started, shrunk back in her place,
As if a flame had struck her face.

" 'Tis Doughtal! and the man does live!
The one man even that now can give
The lie to my pretensions life,
Before I be Sir Francis wife!

"How must one perish: 'tis not I,
But cold, cursed, Doughtal, that shall die!"

Sir Jain was drunk with love. He bent
His head, his eyes with fond intent
But did not hear her, did not see
Her grief, nor guess her agony.

The two passed on. Her face was white.
Sir Francis nothing saw but light
And love, bright shining like a star
In his broad firmament of bliss.
Men see not shroud as women are;
A woman feels an atmosphere,
Sees all, where men see naught at all.
Her instincts lead where reasons fall.
Now it may be the reason is,
Her little feet are set more near
The light of golden gates ajar.



Sir Francis did not choose just then
 To front his friend in crowds of men ;
 But bided better time and place
 To bring the two first face to face.
 And so the lovers silent passed.
 Her eyes upon the floor steadfast,
 Were burning flame. No tear, no sigh,
 No livid lip, no pallid brow,
 No starting back, no trembling now.
 She only marmured, "he must die !"

XXI.

With Doughal stood the advocate,
 Quite proud and honored to be seen
 In this learned grand Greek's company.
 He clutched his button-hole, and he
 Clung hard and held him fast as fate,
 And glancing 'round, back, and between,
 Began all breathless to relate
 How this Sir Francis, one midnight,
 Was set upon by tramps ; how one
 Of these same fellows had betrayed

The band ; that now the trap was laid ;
 But strangest thing beneath the sun—
 And here he clutched him close and tight,
 Let fall his voice, looked left and right,
 Held close his head, and, whispering, said :
 "The leader of this midnight band
 And this Sir Jain are hand in hand !"

"A new Dick Turpin," smiled the man,
 And stroked his beard, and stood up tall,
 And calmly smiled his scorn on all.
 "A poor, weak imitation he.
 I hate all copyists.

My plan
 Would be to paint a picture ; do
 A thing original. Now you
 Have room to paint eternity,
 In this vast land where scarcely yet
 God's rounding compass has been set ;
 And, for a land so very new,
 Your skies are glorious to see.

"And yet your silly painters paint
 The old Italian figure, saint
 And dark Madonna ; all outdone

The century they first struck oil.
 Paint nature, sir ; cast off the coil
 Of custom. Why paint mortal more,
 Where God leads ever on before,
 As visible as your broad sun ?
 Ah no ! Your feeble painters paint
 Their imitations, till the taint
 Of felony attaches.

Be

Patient, sir, and pardon me ;
 But will you tell me what you call
 That red wall-paper that hangs the wall ?”

Once more the man glanced left and right,
 Then knit his brows from nose to crown.
 And then he held a pamphlet out,
 And half-way turned to catch the light.
 Then with a stiff, important pout,
 As if to say, beyond a doubt,
 You put it rather strong, read out,
 “The Bay of Naples—Loaned by Brown.”

“Not loaned by Brown ! Done, you mean ?”
 “Yes, loaned by Brown, sir. Loaned ! You see,
 It does not matter here so much

Who painted this, or such and such,
 Not half so much, sir, as to know
 Who owns the picture now. ’Twas seen
 Last year, in this same annual show,
 Made up, you know, by gen’rous loans,
 ‘The Bay of Naples—Loaned by Jones.’
 ’Twas loaned by Smith the year before ;
 And, this same thing you think a bore,
 If you took note, would teach to you
 The changes on the Avenue.”

The robber chieftain smiled and cast
 The fellow roughly off, and passed
 Along the crowd with lifted head.
 “A vulgar beast,” he laughing said.
 “A knave ! to patient stand and hear
 A stranger taunt his countrymen,
 And all their honest aims in art,
 And never dare to take their part.

“This land is fair, but many rocks
 Jut out and welcome you with shocks.
 The very men a man should meet,
 Hide modest in some sweet retreat,
 And brass meets brass with knuckled knocks.

Yes, 'tis the best land that hath been,
 An honest town, with all its din ;
 A Hercules in lion skin ;
 A brave young world of manly men
 All should be proud to champion.

"This rose tree has its thorns, and he
 Is but a prickle on the tree.
 As for this crowd, these pictures here,
 'Tis but the froth that hides the beer."
 Half laughing thus, in merry mood,
 He came to where Sir Francis stood.

XXII.

His lovely lady, from the hour
 She came, had felt the tempest lower,
 Like black storm banners in the skies,
 And had not lifted up her eyes.

Her eyes, her splendid eyes, bent down ;
 Her large and ever-lifting eyes,
 They only felt that sudden frown—

She felt his eyes fixed on her there,
 Like dead men's eyes in awful stare.
 Her rich, red lips fell white with fear,
 As breathing deadly atmosphere.

"O come, Sir Francis, take me hence !
 This air is poison. Here be men
 Who frown like gathered thunder, when
 The lightnings sleep. My woman's sense
 Perceives it. See ! the women stare,
 And gather in their garments, where,
 A very little time before,
 They crowded round me by the score.

"Nay, nay, not that ! nor do I fear ;
 I cling the closer unto you,
 For all that men may say or do,
 To bring you shame. But I feel here
 Some dark, and ghost-filled atmosphere."

And now they stood the centre floor,
 And suddenly all men stood still,
 And women stared with common will,
 And she crept closer than before.
 She lifted up her great, black eyes

To his bent eyes, then let them fall—
 She only lifted her black eyes
 To his bent eyes, and that was all.

'Twas as some covenant of old,
 Renewed with every vow re-said.
 He bended down his lofty head,
 Till her dark hair was dashed with gold.

Above the two the great lights burned,
 It seemed with fierce, uncommon glare.
 She leaned the closer as they turned;
 She gathered close her robes to go,
 When quick the stranger from his place
 Stepped forth, and glancing in her face,
 He cried, half hissed, hysterically,
 "My God! Sir Francis, it is she!
 My fair wife of the wilderness!
 Is this your boasted Baroness?"

XXIII.

Her great, proud, bended eyes no more
 Kept sad and frightened to the floor.

Beware of those who silent bear
 All things; for they all things will dare,
 When at the last they feel one touch
 Of wrong or tyranny too much.

She stood up taller than before.
 She looked him firmly in the face.
 She did not speak, and not a trace
 Of terror, rage, or aught swept o'er
 Her calm, proud soul.

She only drew
 Her splendid arm more firmly through
 Her lover's, as she raised her head,
 And hissing through her teeth, she said,
 "He lies! he lies! This stranger lies!
 I know him not! . . . For this he dies!"

Sir Francis did not hesitate.
 He made his choice. He knew that fate
 Had drawn her sword-line in the sand;
 That each man now must play his part,
 With earnestness so more than art,
 And stepped across with tight-clutched hand.

'Twas now much more than life or death.
 'Twas love, and no man drew a breath.
 They did not stir, nor speak, nor yet
 The lady's presence quite forget.
 The two men stood, and each did stare,
 And glare as rival tigers glare.

Sir Francis looked, to look him through,
 Then said, slow whisp'ring, "Who are you?"
 "I am that lady's husband, sir,
 And will not brook your touch of her!"

Her lover staggered back as though
 The man had struck an iron blow.
 But instant he recovered.

"I

Must beg that you will see my friend.
 I call you liar! to the end
 That we may meet, for you must die!
 Pray let me pass! Come, Baroness—
 Nay, no more words.

To-morrow morn,

Why, we will answer scorn for scorn.
 But here are ladies, sir, and you—
 Ah! nobly done! and now, adieu."

Then Doughal bowed his face. As one
 Who feels that never more the sun
 Shall shine for him, he sought the night,
 And, homeless, roamed in sorry plight
 The narrow streets, and waited morn
 And death, less dreadful than this scorn.

"O dear Adora. I would give
 The round years of my life to live
 But one pure day with thee again.
 To sit again in sweet retreat,
 To only see thy sacred face,
 Uplifting in its childish grace,
 While I sat silent at thy feet!
 O, I must speak—in vain, in vain!
 My hands are cursed with crime, my name
 Unstained till now is black with shame.
 It is her curse. I feel it now,
 It lies like Cain's brand on my brow.
 I cannot lift my face, and I
 At morn shall take my place to die."

XXIV.

The lady scarce a word had heard.
 She seemed as some poor, fluttered bird ;
 A bird that hurries anywhere
 When storm is trembling in the air.

And did he question her that night,
 Poor girl in all her sorry plight—
 That night, anticipating morn,
 Ere he took hurried leave of her ?
 Of her strange life where passions stir ?
 Her awful secret, love, or scorn ?

I know not that. But I should say
 He spoke her gently as before,
 And, waiting her own time to speak,
 He gently pressed her pallid cheek,
 And passed her through her opened door,
 And so, descending, sped away
 Without one question, aye, without
 One touch of disbelieving doubt

Or dread, that on the morrow fate
 Might smile and make the crooked straight.

The while strong Doughal could not guess
 What meant this noble Baronesse.
 He could not trust his ears, his eyes,
 He only saw his splendid queen
 Had grown more fair than man had seen
 This side the walls of Paradise.

XXV.

I hate reporters, ranging wide
 The universe, and mounting all,
 And looking down on either side,
 Like curving tom-cats on a wall.
 Like poor Poe's Raven, first the beak
 Is in your heart, and then the cheek !

What chance for romance ? Mystery ?
 I hate astronomers, the fools
 That spin the stars by iron rules,
 And make this level earth a ball,

That tumbles like a bumble-bee,
And bumps among the blossomed stars,
Till some fall, loosened by the jara.

O, that the world were what she seems,
A broad, vast, level land of dreams;
A boundless land, a shoreless sea,
A God-encompassed mystery—
With far edge stretching, climbing to
The sapphire walls of fading blue,
That touch on far eternity!

The old mythology knew one
Who never had been known to sleep,
But saw, as the all seeing sun.
Well, he was a reporter.

He

It was that could not keep
His nose from any mystery.
He must have married, for, I see,
He has a splendid progeny.

O thou that ever tearest down!
Let me bear water in a sieve,
Then curst iconoclast. Let me

Walk down my vale of mystery
Untracked, and build my wooded town,
With never sound of hammer. I
Implore you spare me while I live—
Yet spare me chiefly when I die.

Yea, I will bribe you all. But see,
I have not aught to give. Ah, well!
Will speak you warmest rooms in hell,
With south exposure—next to me.

O, God! again to be sincere!
To have a motive, to give o'er
All reckless roaming, to draw near
To Nature's temple, and once more,
With bowed brow, and with naked feet,
Front Nature, awful and austere,
In truth and silentness.

How sweet

Is truth! How cool the leafy path,
The far-off, west-wood hermit hath!
There all is earnest, pure like snow.
But here dwells mockery. Lo!
The dyer's hand takes tinge and hue
Of that he deals in.

I was true
 To Nature, did not dare to jest
 In sacred temples of my West.
 But reverence forgets me now,
 And here I jest all day ; I dare
 To laugh, because I do not care
 For Aaron's calf, old Egypt's cow,
 Or young Manhattan's bull—or bear.

Laugh down the gods. Be brave, and dare
 All deities that are not fair.
 The men of France are brave. The Main
 She hath no braver men to give—
 But then their women are so plain,
 Their men they scarcely care to live.

Yet still there are some mysteries,
 And bloody scenes that no man sees.
 For you must know, Life's river flows
 Slow seaward, bearing floating ships
 And paper boats with sunny sail,
 That tack about, and about, and hail,
 As changeful as the wind that blows.
 Then there be waifs that hug the land,
 Frail maids that catch familiar hand,

Frail men that lodge by bank and ford ;
 But this same stream bears silent ship,
 In middle sea, strong built and grand,
 Broad sombre ships that no man boards,
 Still muffled ships that no man knows.

XXVI.

The lady at her window kept
 Her watch all night, nor waked or slept.
 She felt Sir Francis yet would come
 To her for mercy. And she knew
 The tiger nature then would rise
 And light the fury of her eyes,
 And that her lips would not be dumb.

One time she rose with hands clasped tight,
 And leaning looked far out the night,
 And longed that he would come, that she
 Might throw her at his feet, and be
 Forgiven. Then she turned away
 In tears and terror, and did cry,

"No, no! man's hand hath ever been
Against me. To the bitter end
Must I bear all, without one friend,
Or one to lean upon. Yet, when
All's won; well done . . . My heart, what then? . .

"I love poor Doughal, love him true
As lioness with lolling tongue
That crouching licks her fondling young,
Sprawled on his lithe back fanning her,
The while she glares the forest through.
My curse it crushes him . . . and yet
It was deserved. Shall I forget?
No! No! Now let my mad blood stir!
My strong hand clutch the coronet!"

Sir Francis sat alone. His friend,
A strong, brave and accomplished man,
Had come with compliment, and plan
Of meeting in the Park at dawn;
Had done his work in haste and gone
To speak his fellow; to the end,
That no man sighted through the night,
Two dark-winged ships, like birds in flight.

'Twas nearing dawn. Yet still alone
Sir Francis sat. His brow was calm,
His face was in his lifted palm,
And all things seemed as still as stone.
His thoughts were all of her.

The Day,
The unboxed freighting there that lay,
Just landed from the ship To Be—
The ship that now had crossed the sea,
That lonesome sea that ever flows
Twixt day and day, that no man knows—
This unpacked freighting there that lay
Held unto him strange merchandise,
And yet he would not lift his eyes.

His thoughts were all of her. No care
Or thought of self intruded there.
His world was all in her. Her name
Was on his lips; like the blown flame
Her form was ever floating there,
More mobile, more majestic, fair,
Than she had ever been before.
She filled all space, possessed the air,
She stood before as to implore,

Yet still as silent she did seem,
As star-born beings of a dream.

"Sir Francis Jain! the night is gray
With age. Behold the grizzly dawn
Comes driving up to herald day;
And we must instantly begone.

"All's well! due preparation made
And wise precaution. It is laid
Within the Park, on new ploughed land—
Aye, mind the step! give me your hand—
There! sit you close, draw tight your cloak.
Now as we drive—no! will not smoke?
Ah, yes! this field as I have said—
A splendid place to hide the dead;

"And has been used, as it appears,
For this same thing for years and years.
A splendid thing. But, then, no doubt
The gentlemen take ample care
To not entomb too many there,
Lest some reporter smell them out.

"The weapons, pistols. This you know,
I swore to have, or else to fight
The man and bully him all night;
And this, Sir Francis, saves for you
The least of care. For, were you not
Through all, the champion pistol shot,
With half-ounce derringers?

Well, I

Do now confess I had to lie;
Protesting all the while that you
Were as a stranger; that I knew
Not anything about your parts,
Or least attainment in the arts
Of war. But that I did prefer
The stubbed, bull-dog, derringer
—The good saints keep my soul from harm—
Because it was a gentlemanly arm.

"The time is dawn, when we shall see
The first gray sparrow in his tree.
The distance twenty steps; advance,
And shoot, as suits your choice or chance.
But drive, Jehu! The time flies fast.
'Tis evil sign to be the last,
Besides, 'tis scantest courtesy."

XXVII.

The coachman dashed at double pace.
 A light struck full Sir Francis' face
 And startled him. He had not heard,
 He had not heeded one small word,
 That his impetuous friend had said.
 The beam of light struck like a sword.
 He started up, thrust forth his head,
 Then clutched his friend in eagerness,
 "Stop! stop! I say! that light, that light!
 'Tis from my lady's window height,
 'Tis from my love the Baroness.

"Nay, stay, I say, one instant stay,
 Just where you see that lone light play.
 I will uplift my face once more,
 This last, and for his life implore.
 You do not understand. Yet stay,
 There still is time enough to slay.
 One instant 'neath that window sill,
 Then drive; drive where and as you will."

The iron feet like thunder drew
 The fire from the rocks and flew,
 Then reined them plunging.

Instantly

That window on the Avenue,
 That burned all night, now upward flew,
 And quick a dark dear face leaned through.

Her face was pitiful with tears,
 Her hands clenched tight. She seemed to be
 All shaken with her trouble. There
 Were streaks of frost strewn through her hair,
 That had not touched her brow before.
 He reached his face and did implore
 Her mercy for the man.

She threw

Her hands in hatred and despair.
 "Go! kill him! kill him dead!" she cried.
 "He lives forever in my light,
 His shadow makes my life as night.
 He stands before me—has for years,
 Stood like a bar across the door
 Of my existence. Go! God speed
 Your hand in this most holy deed!"



"You kill my love!" he, pleading, cried.
 "This boundless, lawless love, for you
 It shall not live this dark deed through.
 I tell you, if this man must die,
 My love shall die as well, and I
 Shall range earth like a frightened ghost,
 Despising her I love the most.
 This love this night has nearly died"—

"Then let it die quite dead this morn!"
 The lady cried, in screaming scorn.
 "Yea, I will give it sepulture
 In my gold thimble. Nay, a seed,
 A hollowed bird-seed, gallant sir,
 I surely think me will be all
 The tomb a love so frail and small
 As this of yours will ever need."

The window clanged, the light was gone.
 The strong steeds plunged and forward flew
 The instant, and as if they knew
 The bloody mission men were on.
 They wheeled, and down the Avenue
 They dashed before the near gray dawn.

They bent their necks—they fairly flew
 Far out the sounding Avenue.

And she, the supple lioness,
 With fury tossed, and love and hate,
 Scarce knowing what she dared of fate,
 Dashed after them. The Baroness
 Was her old self. Right well she knew,
 To track, to follow, crouch close by
 And hear, see all. Her child-life through
 Had been but this.

"Now let him die!"

She hissed as from a clump of wood,
 Close at their side she leaning stood.

They stood in place, face fronting face;
 Both careless quite of what went on
 And calmly waiting the full dawn.
 Like some tall antique chiseled stone
 Tall Doughal stood—stood quite alone.
 Some surgeons, as if accident
 Had drawn them careless to the place,
 With ready lint and implement
 Along a hill kept distant pace.

No friend had Dougal there. Alone
 He stood, as one cast out, unknown ;
 At last he spake, and slowly said,
 In soft, low voice, with bended head :

"I have this one request to make.
 A little one. And it is made,
 Not, I assure you, for my sake,
 But for another's. Let the dead
 Walk noiseless down this lane of nights,
 With muffled lip and earth-bound breast,
 Nor speak to startle love's delights.
 My secret and my last request,
 Is of your love, the Baroness—
 She is a Baroness ; no less."

Two dark eyes glared from out the wood.
 Her heart beat tempests where she stood.
 And Dougal laid his hand upon
 His heart, and tender-voiced went on :
 "But briefly, this is my request.
 I know that I come here to die,
 I know that deadly hand, and I—
 No matter. Let my corse be laid,
 With this vest buttoned to my breast,

Just as it is. Let no man dare
 Invade the secret hidden there ;
 But let me 'neath this same sod rest,
 With her dear image on my breast."

Sir Francis and his second bent
 Their heads in quiet, cold consent,
 Then lifted hands in firm conclave,
 That what he asked they freely gave.
 And then he bowed, and only spake—
 "Ah, thank you, thank you, for her sake."

A signal gun far up the Sound,
 Like cannon wheels on frozen ground
 Came rumbling in.

A little bird
 From bunch of grass flew sudden out,
 And swinging circled sharp about,
 Then tangled in a sprangled tree,
 And there, as if the whole world heard,
 Began its morning minstrelsy.

Sir Francis' aching brow was wet
 With agony.

Could he retire,

Now at the last one little pace?
 He saw his friend before him stand—
 His one true friend of all the land,
 The noblest man that ever yet
 Had fronted him, stand up to die!
 Stand up to die at his own hand,
 All mantled in dark mystery.

Could he forgive him? But the world?
 Sir Francis smiled. His proud lip curled
 To think that he could stop to care
 Whether it recked him false or fair;
 Valiant-hearted or otherwise,
 In its uncertain and jaundiced eyes.

But she! He started at the thought;
 He bit his lip and tasted blood.
 He shook like sere leaf where he stood.
 He caught his breath, for had she not
 Oried, kill him, kill him! kill him dead!
 He clutched his hand, threw up his head,
 Looked at the man, drew hurried breath,
 And doomed him in his heart to death.
 He pitied him. He prayed; did ask

His God's forgiveness with bent head. . . .
 And then his love for her lay dead,
 And duty took his hand and led
 The sad man's soul to do his task.

"Time! One!"

Two hands rose high in air;
 "And Two!" Two hands fell sloping down,
 "And three!" They level fell, and there
 Was graveyard silence everywhere
 That touched the far-off waking town.

A little bird sat swinging slow
 At intervals and singing low,
 With head held cutely down sidewise,
 And then it stopped and ceased to trill,
 And sharply peered with bright pink eyes
 As wondering why all was so still.

"Advance! and fire as you will!"
 The surgeons stop upon the hill!
 Step! step! a puff of smoke! a clear
 And sharp shot ringing in the ear,
 A left breast lifts as from a ball,
 And Doughal totters as to fall:

Falls half-way down, comes up again,
Still fronting stern Sir Francis Jain,
And now he towers strong and tall
As if he never more could fall.
And does Sir Jain not flinch or fear?
His foeman draws uncommon near!

Grand Doughal now is stern and grim
With fury that devours him.
"Sir Francis, 'tis your turn to die.
I have reserved my shot, and I
Shall take my time to curse or slay—
You cannot turn, you cannot go,
But you must stand and facing so
Hear all that I may choose to say—
Nay, do not fear reproaches.

I

Have none to give; I wonder why
This shot you sent straight at my heart
Still lets me live to bear this part.
But we will die together now.
Bow down your head; I pray you bow,
And I will give you time to pray;
I beg you, pray. Bow down your head,
And as you pray shall you fall dead.

"Why I grow stronger now, and I
Recover from the shock and shot.
Have you request on earth, or aught
Of grace or charity forgot?
I pray you trust them all to me,
For now I feel I shall not die,
My blood comes tiding like a sea,
My heart beats brave, and strong, and free.

"Yea, trust me. It was my request,
That my wife's letters on my breast,
The picture of her saintly face,
This package nestled in its place,
Should with my dust forever rest,
And keep her secrets sacred.

You,

You know what honor is! how true
A true vow is, unto the end,
To her who has been more than friend.

"This package from my breast—why, what?
My God, Sir Francis, what is this?
By all the saints, it is your ball,
That you sent searching for my heart.
I beg your pardon, sir. 'Tis all my fault.

This package still will play its part.
I pray your pardon, sir. I had forgot ;
You aim at hearts, and never miss.
Sir Jain, you have another shot."

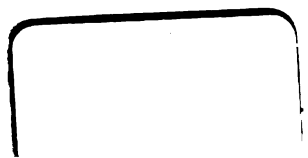
"My letters? O, my life! My love!"
There came a cloud of long, loose hair,
Two round arms reaching through the air.
"And have you loved me? Is it true,
That still, through flood and fire, you
Have borne these constantly above
Your brave heart, roaming anywhere?"

"Sir Francis, friend, O, pity me!
I love this man, have loved him through
All time, and for eternity
Shall love him faithfully and true."

Two pistols drop upon the ground.
Brave hand to hand each swift extends:
"I lose a bride, I win two friends;
But O, such friends! The wide world round
Knows not their peers," Sir Francis cries.
"And lady, Baroness, and heir
To titles you will not despise,
Embrace your husband, Lord Adair."

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